The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1891.

The Week.

WHAT the Fifty-first Congress has done can be stated in a few words: It has passed the most reckless and indefensible pension bill ever put on the statute-book, together with private pension bills by hundreds, and has thereby put in train a probable deficit in the Treasury during the coming year. Such a deficit can be met only by issuing bonds or imposing new taxes. It has passed the most reckless and indefensible tariff bill ever known in our history, and has embodied in it a new principle more vicious and unrepublican than the tariff itself, viz., that of bounties for the production of a particular article of commerce. It has increased the purchase of silver bullion from $2,000,000 to $4,500,000 per month, and by so doing has exposed us to the danger of a change in the common standard of value from gold to silver. If the same firmness in resisting the demands of the silver-mine owners had been shown last June that was shown in February, the country would have been spared this danger and this drain on its resources. It has brought into the Union, before their time, six new States, with twelve Senators, in order to keep the Republican party in power after it had lost the numerical majority in the country. It has passed a Postal Subsidy Bill of which it may fairly be said that no such bill was necessary in order to get the foreign mails carried. It has introduced the new principle in legislative procedure that if a quorum of the House does not respond to the roll-call, the Speaker may count one by eyesight, and transact business on the presumption that his eyesight is good. This practice, it is safe to predict, will expire with the Congress in which it originated. The only good things to be set down to the credit of this Congress are the passage of a Copyright Bill, badly crippled, indeed, but better than nothing, and a bill for the relief of the Supreme Court. Credit must be allowed for a vast deal of mischief not done, and particularly for the defeat of the Force Bill. This was a case where one bad measure killed another. The Free-Coinage Bill killed the Force Bill, and the Force Bill helped to kill the Free-Coinage Bill.

The Copyright Bill recognizes for the first time the property of a foreign author in his books sold or printed in this country. It puts an end to the Algerine system of fostering the national intelligence. It enables a foreign author to fix the price of his own wares, instead of having to accept whatever the bounty of the American pirate chooses to award him. But if we said that it was a measure to be proud of, we should be going far beyond the truth. The obligation under which it places the foreign author to have his book "manufactured" in this country, as a condition of protection for it, is a piece of tariff barbarism which is enough to make one hang one's head. It is no more respectable than an act obliging foreigners on landing here to provide themselves with a suit of American-made clothes in order to entitle them to the services of the police or to access to our courts of justice. To put any condition on a man's right to the protection of the law for his person or property, beyond honesty and peaceable behavior, is unworthy of a civilized government, at the close of the nineteenth century. The next generation, we venture to predict, will, for this reason, be heartily ashamed of our first international copyright act.

The members of the Copyright League, and especially Mr. George Haven Putnam, Mr. Gilder of the *Century Magazine*, and Mr. R. U. Johnson of the same periodical, are fully entitled to all the praise and congratulations which are being showered on them for their share in bringing about the passage of the Copyright Bill. Mr. Johnson in particular bore the brunt of the struggle at Washington during the late weary weeks of alternating hope and despair. Many of his experiences in that period must have resembled those of a shipwrecked man on a raft, who every day sees sails bear down on him and then disappear without noticing him. The condition of the Congressional mind on the copyright question, too, has been for months one of the greatest mysteries in psychology. Members who were supposed to be firmly rooted in their support of the bill would often be found over night, or after a short absence from the Capitol, quite alienated from it and greatly cooled towards it, and the work of conversion would have to be gone over again. Or some clergyman or moralist would start up in some part of the country and announce his belief that books were things which God Almighty meant to be stolen, and that the failure to except them by name in the Ten Commandments was a mere oversight. Or some Western newspaper would reveal some hidden villany at the bottom of the bill on the part of the pampered nobles who write books and carry on the publishing business in England, and on this the knees of some friend of the bill would begin to shake, and would have to be hand-rubbed with more embrocation. Never was a bill which had no "money in it" pushed under greater disadvantages. That it should, too, have been extracted from probably the most venal and unscrupulous Congress that has ever met in Washington, the one most indifferent to moral considerations, adds of course greatly to the glory of the exploit.

We have heard a great deal about the last Congress as "a business body." Of all business which a legislative body can transact, none could be more delicate than a radical change in the judicial system. The last Congress made such a change by its act constituting nine new circuit courts, and the *Sun* draws a picture of the curious hodge-podge made of the matter by the two branches, which would be incredible if it were not based upon the official record. It appears that the act as passed on the 28th of February provided that the new courts created by its terms should begin operations on January 12, 1891, and made no provision for the cases now pending in the Supreme Court, while definitely repealing the statute on which the present jurisdiction of that tribunal rests. This "practically swept from the docket of that tribunal its entire calendar, leaving it without any civil cases to try, and providing no new tribunal for the cases that were thus summarily disposed of." Happily this aggregation of blunders was discovered before Congress expired, and a joint resolution was rushed through which provides that the new Circuit Courts of Appeal shall organize on the third Tuesday in June, 1891; or if through any casualty they fail to meet on June 16, then on a day subsequent to be fixed by the Chief Justice or any Justice of the Supreme Court; and that nothing in the new law shall impair the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court or Circuit Courts in cases now pending or reaching the docket before the first of next July.

A Washington correspondent makes an interesting contribution to the history of the defeat of the Force Bill, giving the chief credit for the result to Mr. Ingalls. The Kansas Senator was asked to follow the example of Reed in the House, and push the measure through the Senate by brute power, refusing, at a given signal, to recognize any Democratic member who sought to oppose such revolutionary proceedings, and declaring it passed as soon as the Republicans had answered to the roll-call. His party colleagues expected him to comply with the request, but Mr. Ingalls peremptorily refused. Moreover, he declared that he would defeat the plot if the conspirators should find a tool ready to attempt it. But for his firm stand the project would have been carried through, and its failure is therefore due to him. It was a great service to the cause of good government, the value of which is not impaired even if one feels constrained to question whether Mr. Ingalls might not have taken a different view of the situation if the Kansas Legislature which was to elect a Senator had been controlled by bloody-shirt Republicans instead of by the Farmers' Alliance.

There are already eight States which have adopted ballot-reform laws this year, making the total number of such laws to date twenty-one. The new-comers are Washington, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Oregon, West Virginia, Arkansas, and Vermont. These are all desirable and thoroughgoing

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applications of the Australian system, the greater number of them being modelled closely upon the Massachusetts law. In fact, the only bitter hostility which is shown to the reform anywhere now is that led by the Boutelle Republican faction in Maine and the Chandler Republican faction in New Hampshire. In the former State the fight is very close, and the outlook for the passage of a very excellent measure, which is pending, is extremely doubtful. In New Hampshire a very good bill has been reported from committee, but, while the Democratic members are all in favor of it, the Republican Machine leaders are against it, and are determined to kill it. The motives of these leaders are the same as those which actuate their fellows in Maine. They believe that an honest, because secret, ballot will so cut down the Republican vote as to give the Democrats control of the State.

"In Kansas and Nebraska a mortgage falls due every ten minutes," writes a correspondent of the *Evening Post* from the latter State. He adds that in every such case renewal of the loan can be obtained only by the mortgageor signing a note or bond payable "in gold coin of the United States, of the present standard of weight and fineness, or the equivalent thereof." The attention of the borrower is called to this clause in every instance. If he does not agree to it he is, of course, at liberty to pay now, and paying now means paying gold value. Usually the mortgageor makes a wry face and tries to borrow somewhere else, but there is nobody so green as to lend gold value to-day with the prospect of being repaid in silver at 20 per cent. or 30 per cent. or some other per cent. discount when the loan falls due, with interest meanwhile at a like depreciation. So the new note is signed and the mortgageor goes home with some new ideas in his head on the money question. If the mortgage companies had taken this precaution in the beginning, and if they had, during the past fifteen years, made the same requirement of gold payment that lenders on railroad mortgages have made, there would be no silver craze in the West to-day. We observe that the bills to prohibit the making of gold contracts in Kansas and Nebraska are not making rapid progress in the Legislatures of those States.

The settlement of the controversy over the Fayerweather will is cause for hearty congratulation. The agreement reached will result in the ultimate distribution of nearly four million dollars among educational institutions, and about half-a-million more to hospitals. More than thirty colleges, seminaries, and schools are in the list of beneficiaries, and while no two persons would agree in compiling a list of that length, every candid man must admit that remarkably good judgment was shown in the selection of institutions and in the apportionment of money among them. No such wide distribution of money for educational purposes has ever been made by a rich man, and it is a noteworthy feature of the case that these gifts came in the nature of surprises to the institutions, as Mr. Fayerweather's intention was not known. Altogether the disposition of the estate is one of the most remarkable manifestations of broad and wise benevolence ever known.

The Canadian elections have resulted in a practical defeat of Sir John Macdonald and the Conservative party. Although they have secured a numerical majority, they have met very serious losses. This result does not, we think, betoken any near approach to Annexation, but it does betoken the early breakdown of protectionism in the Dominion. This baleful system is doomed to overthrow on the whole American continent. Sir John and his Government were and are the representatives of the system which taxes the many for the benefit of the few. They raised the cry of Annexation to frighten the timid, just as the protectionists in our last Presidential campaign raised the cry of Rebel Brigadiers. But the people were not alarmed by the spectacle of the small pattern of the "bloody shirt" which was waved so vigorously in the Northern breeze. They evidently believed that Canada could take care of herself, in a political sense, just as well without a protective tariff as with it. The pretence put forward by Sir John that the Dominion would lose the power of self-control under reciprocity with the United States has been decidedly rebuked. The contest has attracted little attention on this side of the line—much less, indeed, than in England—but the result will be satisfactory as showing that the trend of ideas in reference to that venerable fraud and gigantic humbug called protection is the same in Canada as in the United States.

Mr. Stansfeld's motion in favor of the "one-man-one-vote" plank in the Radical platform, supported by Mr. Gladstone, was defeated, owing to the abstention or absence of the Irish members, by a heavy majority in the House of Commons last week, but his object was doubtless fully achieved by bringing the matter before the public through a debate. There is probably no purely domestic question on which the mass of Radical voters are so sensitive. As the law now stands, a man can vote in as many different constituencies as he has houses or lodgings. In this country, where elections are held in all constituencies on the same day, this would do him no good. But in England a properly qualified voter can travel about and vote in several. This, of course, often gives a well-to-do man three or four votes to the poor man's one. It is almost the only anomaly which has come down from the old days of restricted suffrage and rotten boroughs, and the Radicals, of course, seriously resent it. The Tories, however, cling to it, as increasing the political weight of property, but they do not in these days, when they are trying to "dish the Radicals" by pretending to be more radical than they, like to own it. So they did not venture to meet Mr. Gladstone's proposal openly. They turned his flank, as it were, by proposing representation based on population — "the equal numerical divisions" scheme of the Radicals, which they secretly loathe, but which is for the moment a good card, as it would reduce the Irish representation in the House of Commons by eighteen, and would, therefore be unpalatable to the Liberals.

A conference on "the organization of industry" was held at Oxford (England) on the 29th of November, the report of which has just been printed and now lies before us. As such men as Mr. Leonard Courtney and Mr. Arthur Acland, two prominent members of Parliament; Mr. Tod, a leading director of the London Dock Companies, and the now celebrated Tom Mann, the leading English labor agitator, were among the members, we read the report with the expectation of lighting on some important contribution to the discussion of the labor problem. Tom Mann spoke his full mind on behalf of labor, and Mr. Tod his full mind on behalf of capital. Sympathizers with labor, who had been backing up the dockers and others in their strikes, spoke their full minds on behalf of the benevolent lookers-on. But a more completely barren conference probably never met. Not one ray of light was thrown on the labor problem from any quarter. Tom Mann's case was that there were on that day "30,000 men out of work in East London alone, the greater part of whom were responsible as citizens, and responsible as fathers of families," and that "this was a state of things so frightful that it would not bear calm contemplation without making the very blood boil in the veins of straightforward men and women." Of course it did the men out of work no good to have other people's blood boil over them, so Mr. Mann had to produce a remedy. The first feature in his plan was the prohibition of "overtime," so that the work done in overtime by the employed would go to the unemployed; then a compulsory reduction of the day's work to eight hours as a maximum. If after this there still remained any men out of work, there should be for them "municipally controlled workshops, where all those who could not get work under ordinary circumstances should be drafted, instead of being left at the street-corners, and ultimately finding their way into the workhouses and jails to live at the expense of the community. They should be drafted into the municipal workshops and provided with raw material to make that which they require for their own consumption or its equivalent."

Of explanation how this scheme would work in practice Mr. Mann did not offer one word. If we use the light thrown on it by French experience, when Louis Blanc's "national workshops" were tried in 1849, and by everybody's experience of human nature, we should say that what would happen would be this: The men now in employment would, on learning that they

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were sure of work in any event, grow more and more careless and insubordinate in doing such work as they already had, and would go "on strike" with increasing frequency, compelling private employers either to discharge them in greater and greater numbers, or retire from business altogether. Consequently, the "municipally controlled work-shops," instead of having 30,000 men to find employment for, would probably find themselves before many months supplying "raw material" to 200,000 or even 300,000 men. In fact, there would be practically no limit to the demands on them. All the lazy, the mutinous, the incompetent, and the drunken would crowd into them, in the perfectly reasonable expectation that, being political workshops in which nobody was interested either in making a profit or keeping down expenses, and in which political "pulls" would tell, the work in them would be light, the hours short, and attendance irregular. The spectacle of 30,000 men out of work even in such a huge city as London, to which so much human good-for-nothingness drifts from all parts of the world, is doubtless a very painful one; but people whose blood boils over it must not forget the part it plays as that external spur to industry and honesty which somehow thus far seems an absolute necessity in every field of human endeavor. Probably 500,000 men are kept "up to the mark" in London by the sight of these 30,000 industrial failures.

There is a commission now sitting in New South Wales on the labor question before which the representatives of labor are making a desperate battle for the enforced recognition of the unions by the employers in all labor disputes. The same contention will probably be made before the Royal Commission which is shortly to sit on labor in England. The laborers have put it in the forefront of their battle in England during the late great strikes. But no civilized government can make any such concession without providing penalties to enforce on the workmen the fulfilment of any contracts into which the unions may enter. At present the great and indeed fatal objection to treating with the unions is that they cannot keep their promises. If the employers accede to their demands to-day, there is no guarantee that another strike against these very terms may not be made in a week, or that the men may not abandon work without giving any reason. In addition to this, no government calling itself civilized can recognize the unions as corporations without providing protection for those workingmen who do not choose to belong to them. At present the persecution or annoyance of everybody in the same trade who does not join them, is one of the chief duties of every union. If the power or importance of the unions were increased, the lot of the men who prefer to manage their own lives in their own way would be harder than ever. In fact, every union we have yet heard of contains the promise and potency of a tyrant and oppressor. The world does not want to begin the battle of personal freedom over again.

There was an old mediæval custom of putting up during Lent in the churches a "Devil's Advocate," to dispute with the priest occupying the pulpit, but he was, of course, bound by the terms of his employment to suffer himself to get the worst of it in the controversy, and finally to be ignominiously routed. An attempt to revive the practice in one of the churches of Rouen in France two or three years ago led to a riot, which necessitated the clearing of the church by the police. The Devil's Advocate played false, and, instead of giving ground before the pulpit orator, he held firm and made himself too much for the priest, amid the wild applause of his irreverent followers among the audience who thronged the church to see the fun. This led to the discontinuance of the spectacle in Rouen, but this year it has been revived in Paris, in the interest of socialism, as a means, we presume, of getting some of the workingmen to go to church. A Socialist orator has been allowed in one of the churches to contend with the preacher about the evils of our present social organization and the proper remedy for them, and the audiences are said to be very large; but whether the debates inure to the benefit of the Christian religion may well be doubted. We have seen no full report of them, but it would seem that the Socialist tells that old story about the "exploitation" of the poor man by the capitalist; about the poor growing poorer and the rich richer; about the ease with which rich men get loans, while the poor, who need them most, can get none, and about the right of the laborer to the whole products of his labor. Where he and the preacher join issue is probably in searching for a remedy. The Socialist doubtless wants ownership of the "instruments of production" by the State, and State loans of money to all comers without security, while the priest insists on a more regular attendance at mass, the taking of the sacrament at least twice a year, frequent resort to the confessional, the sending of children to church schools, and greater respect for clerical advice. It is easy to see that if this supposition be correct, the disputants are separated by an immense interval; but if the discussion can be carried on calmly in a church, it will show that the French Socialists are more reasonable than they used to be.

M. Leroy-Beaulieu blows a terrible blast, in the last number of the *Économiste Français*, against the work of the French Tariff Commission which has just made its report. He says their bill, which, though it puts cotton, silk, and hides on the free list, raises the cost of nearly everything else 20 per cent., will not and cannot be executed. He says 600 men in frock-coats and blouses cannot decide for a great country containing 40,000,000 of population how it is going to live and labor; that there is something stronger than parliaments, namely, the "force of circumstances"; that the immense exporting interest in France will rise against a tariff which reduces their trade with nearly every foreign country; and that the consumers—the professional classes, the salaried classes, the working classes who do not participate in tariff-made profits—will see to it that the same fate shall overtake the bill as overtook the corn laws in England and has overtaken the McKinley Bill in the United States. In short, he remarks, "We consider the work of the Commission still-born. The bill may be passed, but it will not be executed for more than three months. It will be attacked with irresistible fierceness by the million of households which are supported by our exporting industries, by the cultivated, literary, and artistic class, which is not only the ornament of France, but its great attraction and advertisement to foreigners; and it will be ruined from top to bottom by the retaliation which it will call forth from foreign countries in the abrogation of the treaties relating to art, literature, and trade-marks."

Belgium, notwithstanding Mr. Depew's ranking her among the converts to the policy of protection, still remains one of the few countries of Europe that cling to the idea of commercial liberty. In the course of a recent debate in the Belgian Chamber, reference was made to the new French legislation, so pronouncedly protective in spirit, and fear was expressed that Belgium would find her market in France greatly restricted. Thereupon a prominent member observed that the true way for Belgium to meet the situation was to make still lower the duties on raw materials and all imports that have any effect upon the country's ability to export goods. In this way, he maintained, Belgian manufacturers would have a new advantage over their French competitors in the foreign trade, which, together with the extra handicap of the latter in the shape of taxed raw material, would enable Belgium to win from France more of the South American trade than would be needed to make up for the diminished commerce with France. Then let heavier taxes be laid on imports of luxuries, and the deficit in the Treasury would be made good, while the productive power of the country would be increased. M. Beernaert, the Minister of Finance, joined in the debate, and, though he did not explicitly commit himself to the plan suggested, he made it plain that any changes in the Belgian tariff would be in the interests of commercial freedom. He called attention to the significant fact that the trade returns for the four countries of Europe which still stand out against the general invasion of protection—England, Switzerland, Belgium, and the Netherlands—were more satisfactory than those of any protected country, while the one with the least industrial development yet did a business, under a system of liberty, which, relatively to the population, was twice as great as that of France or the United States, and almost four times that of Austria or Italy.

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OUR LEGISLATIVE ANOMALY.

THE figures compiled by Mr. Dockery of Missouri showing the comparative appropriations of public money by the Fiftieth and Fifty-first Congresses may not be strictly accurate as regards the latter, because there has not yet been time to examine them closely; but if they err at all, they err in the direction of underestimate. About the appropriations of the Fiftieth Congress there is, of course, no question whatever. The following figures have been printed by the *Herald*, which first obtained them; they will serve to give a point to what we are about to say :

Appropriation Bills.	Fifty-first Congress.	Fiftieth Congress.
Agricultural.....	$4,827,253	$3,385,780
Army	48,810,000	48,771,415
Diplo. and Consular.	3,367,740	3,408,490
Dist. of Columbia...	11,372,669	10,733,816
Fortifications.....	8,007,738	5,177,594
Indian	23,389,016	16,299,424
Legislative.....	43,084,278	41,598,713
Military Academy..	837,360	1,217,809
Naval.....	55,677,689	41,635,345
Pensions.....	233,672,246	163,516,900
Post-office.....	150,133,920	127,465,577
Rivers and Harbors..	25,136,295	22,397,616
Sundry Civil.....	67,247,645	51,598,145
Deficiency.....	76,617,448	35,986,743
Miscellaneous.....	27,737,905	15,670,862
Indef. appr'priat'ns.	2,236,000	
Total annual.....	$782,155,210	$588,864,229
Permanent.....	227,115,261	224,331,853
Grand total.....	$1,009,270,471	$813,196,082

Now, more than one-half of these thousand millions of public money appropriated by the Congress which has just come to an end, was voted by a body of men who had been already dismissed from office by their constituents after as complete a trial as legislators as any men in American public life have ever had. They entered on the duties of their office in December, 1889, and they sat continuously from then until October, 1890, legislating vigorously all the time under a new set of rules specially devised by themselves to facilitate their business. They then went with their handiwork before the country and asked for its verdict, and they went, of course, on the assumption on which not only American democracy, but all free government, is based—that the electors are competent judges of the qualifications of the elected. It was not open, therefore, to a Representative, when called to account, to question the judgment of the voters, and the Republican Congressmen did not in November question the judgment of the voters touching either men or measures. They delivered themselves into the hands of their constituents by every means known to American usage—speeches, articles, books, pamphlets, pictures, forged extracts, and cross roads talks. They knew well that any claim to an occult body of doctrine too strong for popular comprehension, and held in a sort of hierophantic reserve by such prelates as Reed and McKinley and Lodge, would, if produced either on the stump or in the press, have covered them with derision and made their defeat certain. They therefore took care not to produce any such claim. They said to the voters, "Here we are and here is our handiwork. You are the sole judges of both. If you approve, send us back. If you do not approve, dismiss us."

The voters in due course exercised their ancient and unquestioned right by dismissing from the service of the United States an unprecedentedly large proportion of the majority. No party has, in the history of the country, ever received such a mark of popular disapproval as was inflicted on the Republican party in the November election. No such vote of "want of confidence" is to be found in our political annals. Only a handful of the legislators of 1889–'90 got back to Congress. In every legislative body either of our time, or of any time, except the Congress of the United States, such a defeat at the polls would have returned the defeated candidates *instanter* to private life. It would have stripped them of both power and emoluments on the day on which the vote was declared. And this effect of defeat is necessary not only to good government, but to safe government. A ministerial officer may be safely left in office after he has received notice of dismissal, because his duties are defined by law, and nothing of importance is left to his discretion. But a legislative or judicial officer cannot. A judge who has been removed for incompetency or corruption cannot be allowed to mount the bench again to pass on other men's title to life or property, and a legislator whose legislative work has been emphatically condemned by the voters ought not, in like manner, to be allowed to go on legislating.

All our State constitutions act on this most wholesome and necessary rule. All foreign parliamentary States act on it. It is only the Congress of the United States—and this by a bungle in the matter of dates—which is exposed every two years to the irruption of a horde of discredited politicians armed with full legislative power, for the manner of exercising which they owe no responsibility to anybody. The House of Representatives, which has been sitting since December last, and adjourned on Wednesday week, had, in fact, no constituents. Nobody could punish it for misconduct, nobody could call it to account. It had nothing to fear or hope from public praise or censure. And yet, such as it was, it had the legal power to loot the richest treasury in the world and divide the booty as it pleased. It accordingly went back to Washington and voted away over $500,000,000, knowing that the individuals of the majority would be out of sight, and most of them out of mind, before the public got accurate knowledge of what they had been doing.

In truth, the conduct of the majority since the election has furnished a more impressive justification of their dismissal than their conduct before the election. Had they been men worthy of their places, their defeat at the polls on such a tremendous scale would have made a deep moral impression on them. They would have received it as a decided, even if unpleasant, proof that they had lost public confidence, and they would have gone back to Washington for the remainder of their term in the spirit of an honorable trustee or bank president who has been removed for errors of judgment, and is simply holding office till his successor is ready to assume its duties. Such a man would confine himself strictly to routine work. He would avoid all acts calling for the exercise of discretion, all use of doubtful powers, all persistence in a policy condemned by his constituents, and particularly all expenditures of funds which were not strictly mandatory. If he were not an honorable man, he would act very much as the Republican majority have acted—that is, he would endeavor to make hay while the sun shone by using all authority left in his hands to fill his own pockets and those of his supporters in the Board of Trustees, and making as many contracts and engagements on behalf of the bank as could possibly profit him personally without getting him into the hands of the police.

On one point the late majority have gone beyond even the most notorious rogues of ancient or modern times. They have actually turned round since the election and begun to deny their employer's ability to understand his own business. We do not believe there is anything either in political or criminal annals equal in brass to the contention of Reed and his confederates, carried on up to this day in their organs in the press, that the people do not understand their legislation, and may not understand it for years to come, and that, therefore, their dismissal was due to the stupidity of their masters.

HARRISONIAN "KEYNOTES."

THE President has put forth, through the medium of Senators Hoar and Dawes, the following authorized explanation of his motives in removing Gen. Corse from the Boston Post-office:

> "The President thought that, considering the attitude of the Democratic party, which was murdering United States Marshals and expelling Republican postmasters from their offices in the South, and endeavoring to overthrow constitutional government by revolutionary proceeding both in the House and Senate, and by preventing honest elections wherever they could get the power so to do, it was not wise to appoint to an important office a person who made no expression anywhere of disapprobation of these things, and whose political influence, so far as it was exerted, was in their favor."

This remarkable utterance may be taken as an accurate diagnosis of the President's mind as he stands at the beginning of the second half of his term. It "sounds the keynote" of the policy which he is henceforward to pursue in regard to appointments for public office. It will be seen at a glance that it is a very different keynote from the one which he sounded in his letter of acceptance, for in that he declared that "fitness and not party service should be the essential and discriminating test in appointments to every grade, and fidelity and efficiency the only sure tenure of office." It is a very different keynote, also, from that which was sounded in the Republican platform upon

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which the President was elected, for that declared that "the spirit and purpose of the [civil-service] reform should be observed in all executive appointments."

It is difficult to comment upon the present keynote and observe strictly the respect due to the President's high office. We must leave to other and more reverent pens the task of showing the strength and logic of Presidential reasoning which holds that the citizens of Boston were justly deprived of the further service of the best postmaster they have ever had, because he had failed to express disapprobation of alleged partisan proceedings by members of his own party in the Southern States and in Congress. To us it would seem that if he had expressed such disapprobation he would thereby have furnished cause for his removal. As we understand it, it was not a part of his duties as Postmaster of Boston to express views of any kind about what his own or any other political party was doing in the Southern States or anywhere else. He was there to administer the office in the best interest of the public, and he did this so well that citizens of all parties united in demanding of the President his continuation in office. This sentiment was so strong that the two Republican Senators who now publish the President's explanation advised him to yield to it, and the eminent Republican politician whom the President decided for the reasons given to put in Gen. Corse's place, joined them in the same advice, saying of the General's conduct in office: "Politically, personally, and especially in business matters, Gen. Corse has made an unexceptionable record in his present office. He has resisted the Democratic wolves, he is the head of the Loyal Legion, and his reappointment would silence a part of the criticism, justly made, against the Post-office Department, that it has yielded too much to the place-hunters, in this case Republicans. In a measure the removal of Mr. Saltonstall would be offset by the renomination of Gen. Corse. If the interest of the public service is to decide, Gen. Corse will be renominated." But the interest of the public service was not to decide, and consequently a man who had been one of the bravest generals of the war, was turned out of an office which he had administered to the highest public satisfaction, because he had not expressed "disapprobation" of partisan matters which were none of his business.

We presume that the explanation which the President has given of his conduct in relation to Gen. Corse will be made to fit also the appointment which he made last week of William R. Leeds as Marshal of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. This is so bad an appointment that its defence on ordinary grounds is an impossibility, but, viewed as a rebuke for Democratic misdeeds in the Southern States and elsewhere, it may be justifiable under the present Harrisonian policy. Leeds is one of Quay's tools in Philadelphia, and has been the leader in the worst political ring that city has ever known. He was repudiated by his party in 1887, when he ran as Republican candidate for Sheriff, and, though handsomely endorsed by James Gillespie Blaine, was defeated by more than 7,500 votes, running more than 25,000 votes behind his ticket. Quay was anxious to have the President nominate Leeds for Postmaster of Philadelphia, and pressed him for that office, but the protests from Philadelphia Republicans were so emphatic that even good Mr. Wanamaker was afraid to disregard them. Even the Philadelphia *Press*, which is able to defend Quay, is not equal to the defence of Leeds, and says frankly: "The repudiation of Mr. Leeds by the Republicans in this city was not a mere caprice, but a deliberate judgment founded on abundant reasons. His appointment as Marshal is a virtual overruling of it as far as Federal authority can do so. It is an appointment which should never have been made, and will deeply disappoint the President's best friends in Pennsylvania."

The trouble with the *Press* is that it is not looking at the appointment in the proper light. We advise it to peruse thoughtfully the Harrisonian explanation of the Boston appointment. With that as a keynote of policy, all becomes clear. Appointments are to be made henceforth, not in accordance with the demands of local sentiment, and not in accordance with the fitness of candidates, but in accordance with what the wicked Democratic party is alleged to be doing to thwart the beneficent purposes of the Harrison Administration. As that wonderful newspaper, the Boston *Journal*, puts it in sustaining the President's position, the "aggressive opposition to every Republican measure on the part of the Democrats in Congress and throughout the country, the slurs upon the Administration by the Democratic and the miscalled independent press, indicated that any act of magnanimity upon the part of the Republican President would be interpreted as an admission that the party was weak in men and weaker still in the courage to exert its legitimate prerogatives." That is the way to look at it. The party must show a bold front to all "slurs" by turning good men out of office and putting Republican partisans and rascals in, or it will be considered as being "weak in men and weaker still in courage." The intellectual aspect of this position is a thing upon which no unregenerate Mugwump should trust his discretion with a comment.

THE LAW OF THE BARRUNDIA AFFAIR.

Secretary Blaine and Secretary Tracy have each affirmed, by their conduct in the Barrundia case, that a law forbade Guatemala to visit the American ship *Acapulco* in order to arrest Barrundia. Each has, by what he did in that case, declared that Guatemala could not arrest Barrundia, because he had committed a political and not a common-law offence against Guatemala. Secretary Blaine and Secretary Tracy have each of them been repeatedly asked for the book and page which contain a law forbidding Guatemala to make the arrest. Thus far each of them, although often requested, has failed to do so.

As President Harrison dismissed from office our Minister at Guatemala because he did not resist, but assented to, the arrest of Barrundia by Guatemala, and as Secretary Tracy censured our naval commander then in the port where the arrest was made, because he did not prevent, or resist, the arrest, what should the country say and do to President Harrison, Secretary Blaine, and Secretary Tracy, if Mizner, our Minister, was dismissed from office contrary to law, and Reiter, our naval commander, was censured contrary to law?

It is important, for many reasons, to ascertain what the United States have declared to be the law of the Barrundia transaction. Secretary Blaine's immediate predecessor in the Department of State gave an opinion from which the inference is irresistible that, in his opinion, Guatemala was entitled to make the arrest which she attempted. It is believed that such an opinion has been uniformly upheld in the Department of State when there has been occasion to consider a similar question. Not only the Executive Department of the Federal Government, but the Judicial Department, has expressed opinions which justify the conduct of Guatemala, of our Minister, Mr. Mizner, and of our naval officer, Reiter. In a case reported in the ninety-second volume United States Reports, page 520, the Supreme Court declared that, "unless treaty stipulations provide otherwise, a merchant vessel of one country visiting the ports of another for the purposes of trade, is, so long as she remains, subject to the laws which govern those ports." The question in that case was whether Gen. Butler, when in command at New Orleans, was justified in compelling certain articles of money, silver plate, and bullion to be removed from a Prussian vessel, and her clearance to be withheld until his order should be complied with.

In a case reported in the 120th volume of the United States Reports, page 1, the Supreme Court again declared that, unless exempted by treaty, a foreign merchant vessel, entering a port of the United States for the purposes of trade, is subject to the local law, and the local courts may punish any crime committed in the vessel within the port by one foreigner upon another foreigner. The vessel in that case was Belgian, and lying in one of the ports of New Jersey. There was a treaty between Belgium and the United States conferring power upon Belgian consuls to take cognizance of differences between captains, officers, and crews of Belgian merchant vessels in our ports, and also stipulating that the local authorities shall *not* interfere "except when a disorder arises of such a nature as to disturb the tranquillity of public order on shore or in port." The Supreme Court decided that the treaty did not apply to a felonious homicide on board of a Belgian merchant vessel in one of the ports of New Jersey. In disposing of the case, the Court said: "It is a part of the law of civilized nations that when a merchant vessel of one country enters the ports of another, for the purposes of trade, it subjects itself to the law of the place to which it goes, unless, by

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treaty, or otherwise, the two countries have come to some different understanding or agreement; for, as Chief Justice Marshall said in the *Exchange* case, 'it would be obviously inconvenient and dangerous to society, and would subject the laws to continual infraction and the Government to degradation, if such merchant vessels did not owe temporary and local allegiance, and were not amenable to the jurisdiction of the country.'" The Court also said: "As the owner has voluntarily taken his vessel for his own private purpose to a place within the dominion of a government other than his own, and from which he seeks protection during his stay, he owes that government such allegiance, for the time being, as is due for the protection to which he becomes entitled."

The Court, in this case, referred to a decision by the French Court of Cassation, the highest judicial tribunal of France, in which the French court declared "that merchant vessels entering the port of a nation other than that to which they belong, cannot be withdrawn from the territorial jurisdiction *in any case in which the interest of the State of which that port forms part finds itself concerned.*"

If President Harrison, or Secretary Blaine, or Secretary Tracy claims immunity for his action in the dismissal of our Minister and in the censure of our naval officer, and claims it under a law which gave protection to Barrundia from arrest by Guatemala while the *Acapulco* was in one of her ports, the President, or the Secretary of State, or the Secretary of the Navy should be able to furnish the text of such a law, or the accepted principle of international jurisprudence from which the deduction of such a rule is inevitable. As not one of them has yet offered such a text or such a principle to the inspection of the country, the inference must be that neither text nor principle is in existence.

Barrundia's widow has made a claim against the United States for $1,000,000 for the loss of her husband. Under the rulings of both the State and Navy Departments, she has a moral claim to the money. What answer to her have they got? "Let us keep still and maybe the affair will blow over," they probably say. Oh, no, it will not blow over until we get from them the law of the case.

A FRENCH VIEW OF THE ITALIAN SITUATION.

PARIS, February 19, 1891.

THE retirement of Crispi is an event of no small importance. He was known to be the stanch advocate of the Triple Alliance, and he enjoyed the perfect confidence of his King, who had repeatedly given him extraordinary marks of favor. There was some surprise felt in the world when Italy entered into the Triple Alliance, as this alliance was visibly directed against a possible combination of France and Russia; but those who knew Italy well were not much astonished. Italy has become thoroughly convinced that there is no Power in Europe which could or would eventually destroy her unity except France. This conviction may be completely erroneous—I believe myself that it is; but it is very widespread. There is a general conviction on the other side of the Alps that if France had a monarchical and clerical government, such a government would be unfriendly to the House of Savoy, would make some effort in order to reëstablish the temporal power of the Papacy, and would even perhaps reconstitute the kingdom of the two Sicilies. Italy seems to dread nothing more from her old enemy, Austria. The declamations of Irredentism are not signs of any real hostility. Austria seems herself to have completely renounced all idea of ever garrisoning again the beautiful cities of northern Italy and the Romagna; she has turned her back on the south and is looking only eastward: is she not *Oesterreich?*

Just or unjust, the fears which Italy feels with regard to France would not perhaps have sufficed to induce her to enter into the great constellation of the German Powers. Italy might have remained neutral in the midst of the complication of European affairs; she had fairly reorganized her finances, she was becoming more industrial, more wealthy; she would probably have gained more by adopting a determined and systematic non-intervention policy than by any other means. But such a policy is absolutely contrary not only to the Italian genius, but also to the peculiar genius of the House of Savoy. If you read the history of this extraordinary house; you will have the key to its policy: "Avanti, Savoia!" is its motto. The Dukes of Savoy, afterwards the Kings of Piedmont, have always been ready to run great risks: in our own times, remember Novara, remember the Crimean expedition, Solferino, all that came after Solferino, and finally the attack on Rome. The Piedmontese advisers of the King and the King himself all labor under a conviction that the House of Savoy has a "manifest destiny," and that this destiny can only be accomplished by a policy of action. It is not enough to wait for events; such men as Cavour and Crispi think they must prepare events. And who could better help the Italians to prepare events, a few years ago, than the all-powerful *Kanzler* who had in his hands all the diplomatic strings of Europe? Who could smooth matters better between Austria and Italy than Prince Bismarck, who had formed the alliance between the two German empires, and thus formed a great European barrier against Russia? It is not to be wondered at that Italy allowed herself to be tempted by the prospect of forming a part of this great pacific alliance; her accession to it seemed to give her a greater dignity, to open a new horizon in the East and in the Mediterranean; it secured for ever her newly conquered unity.

This was the brilliant side of the affair; there was, unfortunately for Italy, another side: she could only enter the Triple Alliance prepared for certain eventualities, and the preparation was a costly one. Her army, her navy, her armament had to be put in readiness for all contingencies. She had, with many difficulties, and not without much merit, put her finances in a good state; now she was to incur enormous expenses, and the era of deficits in the budget was about to recommence. You can feed a proud nation with glory, or even with promises of glory; but you can only do so for a certain time. The tax-gatherer does not wait. The Italian people is, at the present moment, quite overburdened. During these last few years Italy has reminded me of Bluebeard's wife, in Perrault's tale, standing on the top of a high tower, looking round, and questioning her sister—

"Ma sœur Anne, ma sœur Anne,
Ne vois-tu rien venir?"

No; Italy, like sister Anne, saw nothing coming, and she also could say: "Je vois la poudre qui poudre et l'herbe qui verdoie."

The Triple Alliance brought nothing except increasing expenses and increased taxation. Crispi had completely identified himself with the policy of the Triple Alliance, and for a long time he seemed unassailable. Cabinets might fall, he could not fall. His Cabinets, in fact, had become a mere harlequin's coat: when one piece was torn or faded, he simply put in another. Things began to take another aspect when Prince Bismarck fell from power. Crispi had been, with the great Chancellor of northern Germany, a *persona grata;* his prestige was partly derived from the prestige of Prince Bismarck, who had thought him worthy of his confidence and had made him an associate in his great designs. When the Emperor of Germany struck Bismarck, he indirectly struck Crispi. The Italian Premier, who seemed necessary as long as the German Chancellor himself was necessary, was now almost left to himself, and he had to face an entirely new situation. Instead of being one of the gods of Olympus, he fell among the demi-gods; he was reduced to the rank of an ordinary Prime Minister.

Crispi did not lose heart; he still enjoyed the confidence of the crown; he hoped, with this powerful help, to be able to weather the parliamentary storms. The great cry was economy, the diminution of the national burden; he studied more carefully than he had done before the situation of the finances. Though the principal instigator and first mover of the Triple Alliance was no longer in power, the duties of the allies remained strictly the same; it was not possible to save anything on the expenses of the army and of the navy. But two reforms seemed possible to Crispi: (1.) It was possible to reduce the number of the prefectures in Italy, and by this means all the administrative expenses connected with the Home Office. (2.) There was a great anomaly in the existence of several State banks in unified Italy. Would it not be better, in the interest of political unity, in the interest, also, of the commercial classes, to have a single bank of emission, such as the Bank of France, as the Bank of England?

As soon as Crispi had made up his mind first to diminish the number of the administrative subdivisions and offices, and to merge all the State banks into one (two measures, by the by, which had no party character), he threw himself into the business with his usual ardor and determination; but he soon found that it is not safe for a minister who has ceased to hold an exceptional and impregnable position, to attack private or corporate interests. The project of the prefectures alarmed the great and powerful class of the functionaries; the project of the State banks alarmed the financiers of the provinces. The activity of the Opposition became incessant, and the parliamentary majority was visibly dissolving. When Crispi became aware of his danger, he had no hesitation; he threw down the gauntlet to the Right, and made the most aggressive speech against his enemies. He knew he must fall, but he chose to fall on the Left, so as to become the leader of the Left immediately after he had quitted the Cabinet. The time was past when he could manœuvre between the Right and the Left; his only chance of returning to power with an increased strength was in making himself again a partisan. He deliberately insulted the Right, and accused it of having mismanaged the finances of Italy when it was in

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power. It was evident to all that he wished to abandon power for a time, and that he was tired of struggling with a Parliament which had ceased to follow him blindly.

The King was obliged to form a Cabinet with very mixed elements, and to go from Rudini, a stanch Conservative, to Nicotera, a stanch Radical. Coalitions are sometimes necessary in parliamentary life; they may be formed under the influence and at the dictation of a man strong enough to impress his will for a time upon a number of men opposed in general principles, but willing to act for a time in harmony, in view of some great object or merely under the pressure of necessity. There are other coalitions which unite accidentally men who have no common principles, who have only what may be called negative objects, who are working against a common enemy, and who, after having been united for a day, separate as soon as they come to discuss some new measures. The present coalition which is personified in the Rudini-Nicotera Cabinet, seems to belong to this second class of coalitions rather than to the third. I look in vain for the superior man who can impress his will, for the leader who can make himself obeyed in all circumstances. In all probability, the Italian Parliament, after a short period of lassitude and confusion, will have to be dissolved, and new elections would probably give the majority to the Left and to the groups of the Left who follow the leadership of Crispi.

Much depends, however, on events which are out of the control of the Italians themselves. Crispi must share more or less the fate of the Triple Alliance; he must even share, to a certain extent, and by an indirect influence, the fate of Prince Bismarck. We hear very strange things from Germany—so strange that we can hardly believe them, and that we remain incredulous. The young sovereign who now rules in Berlin has a singular idea of his mission. It is not long since he sent his full-length portrait to the German Embassy in Paris. The portrait is not without artistic merit, but when you look at it, it seems as if you were looking on some portrait of past centuries. The Emperor is standing so that you see only his profile, sharp and well cut; in his hand he holds the sceptre, like a staff of command, with a bold gesture, as if he were holding a sword. The sky forms the background. The picture reminds you of the famous pictures of Louis XIV. It is evidently symbolic; the young Emperor must have himself chosen the attitude. We have seen him at work since he ascended the throne. His restlessness denotes a hurried ambition, and an ambition which extends over all objects; the world is waiting with some anxiety for what may be inspired by this uneasy genius, which will brook no obstacles. Italy has placed herself in the rear of Germany; she must, directly or indirectly, bear the consequences of the alliance which she has been so anxious to form.

AMERICA IN THE GUELPH EXHIBITION.

LONDON, January, 1891.

I HAVE made two visits to the Guelph Exhibition now in progress, and with an eye to the interest which it has for students of American history. The *Times* to-day, in discussing the Bering Sea difficulties, says, with a good deal of truth, that the Americans have had no history of much interest to the world except as it has grown out of the relations which they have sustained, either in a friendly or inimical way, with England; and so one may go to an exhibition intended to record all that there is remarkable in English history from the accession of George the First to the death of William the Fourth with a not unreasonable expectation of seeing American history traced more or less remotely in the grouping. It is indeed so remote for the years of the first George that there is hardly a picture in the Exhibition suggesting an American reference. For the period of the second George there is not much, and what there is relates to the conquest of Canada and to the war against Spain in the West Indies. No naval name of this reign is more frequently, I suppose, on the lips of Americans than that of the Admiral with whom Washington's brother served, and whose name became for this reason attached to that estate on the Potomac which the nation preserves in memory of its most illustrious citizen. When one looks upon the picture of Admiral Vernon as drawn by Gainsborough, hanging here in the neighborhood of such heroes of the sea as Hood, Vincent, and Rodney, one is quite inclined to believe that it was a happy stroke of luck that gave him Porto Bello when he risked all and captured it with the aid of six ships of the line, and that his later failure at Carthagena with a much heavier armament was more in accordance with the intellectual smallness of his personal bearing. One finds far more satisfaction in the shrewd energy displayed in the face of Boscawen, as Reynolds, with his momentary art, caught it in the half-length which tells of the capital exploit when Louisbourg fell in 1758, to make an opening for the great victory of Wolfe the next year.

Of the victorious general on the Heights of Abraham there is but a single picture, and that is a small full-length in uniform, of which I do not remember any engraving, and it is lent to the exhibition by a private owner. To those who are most familiar with the profiles that so belie his character, this picture is hardly recognizable; and there is little of the heroic in either to suggest connection with the sword which he wore, and which is here exhibited by favor of the Royal United Service Institution, and the cloak in which he died, which I found exhibited the other day amid the armor preserved in the Tower.

When we come to the reign of George the Third, there is much more of direct interest, though there are but three Americans represented by likenesses. Considering the number of good Washingtons that there are in England, beginning with the superb Stuart which Lord Rosebery has, and which has recently been engraved in the *Illustrated English Magazine*, it is rather surprising that the Committee should have been content with a small profile in pastel, which stands uncredited in the catalogue, but which seems to be one of Sharples's, or perhaps a copy from his studies. A china statuette and one of Wedgwood's reliefs—the last not unsatisfactory—also add to the record of the importance which Washington maintained in the reign of the third George.

Franklin is represented by a small picture belonging to Earl Stanhope, of which the catalogue says nothing as to its authenticity. It is the familiar picture, where Franklin sits reading with his thumb to his chin, and is probably a copy of the large picture which used to hang over the fireplace in the house of Mr. Henry J. Williams in Philadelphia, as I remember it there fifteen years ago. There are two attempts of Wedgwood to depict the shrewd and placable lines of the philosopher's face in one of the cases near by, as well as a similar likeness of Franklin's Tory son. One turns easily from Franklin to the London printer Strahan, to whom Franklin sent, on leaving London in 1775, that well-known epigrammatic letter; but only to find in Reynolds's drawing of his unemotional and almost un-Scottish face little to counterpart the wit and lubricating sense of the American printer.

The two dominating figures of the whole collection are those of the third and fourth Georges, and one sees them in every aspect and in every style. The befrizzled simper and dancing-master attitudes of George the Fourth tire one to death, on canvas, on panel, on ivory, in wax, in enamel, in china, on snuff-boxes, on brooches, on medals; and even one of his eyes was thought divine enough to paint in a cloud and to be set in a royal ring! The effigies of George the Third are quite as numerous, but one has a sort of respect for that stubborn monarch who forced Lord North to continue the war with the colonies against all hope. As a young fellow in his princehood, George the Third was not a man to be avoided, if we may judge from the picture which Reynolds painted of him in 1759, and which the Queen has sent from St. James's Palace. It is perceptible how, as he grew older, his face hardened, grew less flexible, and looked almost stolid; for even the grace of Gainsborough in the full-length which he exhibited in 1781, and which has been brought to the exhibition from Buckingham Palace, fails to make one look with more than a certain pity on the obstinate King of those troublous days. The almost too numerous miniatures which help to impress that face and air upon the spectator—though some of them are exquisitely done—the wax model made by Flaxman, and the enamels, ivory medallions, and medals which recur so often as one glances along the glazed cases in the centre of the rooms, are significant of the unwavering steadfastness of the King while his reason remained, and mark many stages in a reign whose great duration his granddaughter seems desirous of emulating.

Of all the men who stood in Parliament as representing the royal will, one looks with most pity on that poor Lord North whose likeness there in the top row seems to show his amazement at his sovereign's stubborn consistency. He sits leaning back as if with an air of resignation to do the King's bidding, while his own judgment revolted at the miserable task he was put to do beyond the Atlantic. We never quite understood Lord North till we got that series of confidential notes which he and the King exchanged for so many years, during which the British soldier and the German mercenary were striving to avert the inevitable. I look upon his picture with a new interest in the light of those revelations.

The American who wanders about London seeking the haunts of Dr. Johnson—and there is no personality of the Georgian era more deeply impressed upon London streets—rarely thinks of him as a political pamphleteer, taking sides against the incipient revolution which was growing about Massachusetts Bay; and yet there is not a picture in this collection more forcibly bringing that contest here in London before me than this of Johnson by Reynolds, which Lord Sackville contributes to the exhibition. One almost believes it the attitude in which Reynolds may have seen him thundering out those clamorous postulates which he not long afterwards embodied in his 'Taxation No Tyranny,' which was like a fist struck in the face of Sam Adams. In a brown garb, with dishevelled hair—almost the only picture of Johnson, that is familiar, which has no wig—his features losing something of their bluntness in profile, his hands awkwardly raised one over the other in disputatious fashion,

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even his gnawed finger-nails showing in the fidelity of the painter's art—we have in him the incarnation of a rampant spirit of prerogative.

There, not far off, hangs a row of the men that took part in those Parliamentary debates which made the advent of American independence almost more a part of Westminster than of Faneuil Hall. There is Chatham in the figure of his virile prime, full of reserved power, and more a man than he was when he swooned in that historic scene which Copley has painted, but rather nearer in vigor to that waxen effigy in his living garb which the curious stranger sees to-day in a secluded loft in the Abbey. There is Fox, who perhaps enjoyed his harassing of the Ministry more than he cared for American justice—just as Reynolds painted him with the fervor with which he knew how so well to flush his speeches, and shown at an early age when Reynolds did not discern all that rugged strength one sees in the statue which stands opposite the reposeful Pitt in the gallery at Westminster, as the modern sculptor has fancied him. There is Burke, in his pictures more the scholar than the ardent inveigher against wrong, sensitive and sensible as Reynolds depicted him, and supremely intellectual in Opie's hands; there is Rockingham, the refined, inquisitive Liberal, with more power than you feel he might ordinarily exhibit, and we entertain no doubt that Reynolds has not mistaken his character. There is Gen. Conway—and Barré ought to be with him—not handsome, not great, even in looks; but the embodiment of that nerve which so endeared him to his fellow-subjects beyond the sea.

Turning to the belligerents of the struggle in America on the part of the Crown, the representatives are not so many as one could wish. A good many pictures scattered about in the English country-houses—like that of Earl Percy in Alnwick Castle—of those whose names were a terror in many an American hamlet, are wanting. We find, however, Lord Howe, but only in one of Wedgwood's reliefs. Cornwallis is in no better form than on one of those China tea-pots such as I remember seeing in my boyhood in a mansion of the Old Colony. Clinton is shown in nothing better than one of Cosway's mannered miniatures. It is something surprising to see that Sir Thomas Lawrence, in his overfineness, has left anything of dash and hardiness in the half-length of Rawdon, who figures so prominently in the Carolina campaigns. If Rodney had been more intimately connected with our Revolutionary struggle, a superb full-length by Reynolds, which belongs to St. James's Palace, would be a crowning example for this part of the exhibition; but his splendid victory over De Grasse in the West Indies came too late to trouble the Americans, though it served to stiffen the English negotiators during the treaty time; and, but for the ensnaring of Major André, he might, as the confederate of Arnold, have ascended the Hudson with a part of his fleet.

In one of the rooms of the Guelph Exhibition Nelson and Wellington divide the attention, and personal relics of the two fill a case in the middle of the room. With the former we have a slight connection in our American history. He had been made a captain in 1779, and commanded a frigate which cruised on the New England coast in the later years of the war. There are brief references to this part of his career in a recent life by Mr. Latham Browne, drawn from some of Nelson's own memoranda. I was curious to know if there were more details than he printed, and applied to the author; but he tells me he has given everything which he notes of his American experience. What Nelson did made no mark on the progress of the war. He captured a few coasters, and, for some service rendered, let one of those small vessels go, with a safe-conduct, and Mr. Browne mentions this document as still hanging on the library walls of a gentleman in Boston. He is mistaken. When the late Judge Davis lived in that city, it no doubt was so preserved; but it is at present in the cabinet of the Pilgrim Society at Plymouth. I remember a gentleman, almost a centenarian when he died, who at this period was sent off with a flag of truce to a British frigate in the offing from a small New England seaport; and it was his delight in after years—and, dying over fifty years ago, he survived the hero of Trafalgar hard on to thirty years—to tell the story of his reception at the gangway by Nelson, then in command of the ship. This man, whom I distinctly remember, in his queue, small clothes, and buckled shoes, was born in the year when Louisbourg fell before Pepperell. There is among these pictures of Nelson one by Rigaud, taken just before he started for the American station. Like most of his effigies, it has little to remind one of his career. Indeed, among all the likenesses of Nelson accessible to the visitor in London, there is one by Füger, taken at Vienna in 1800, and now in the Museum at Bethnal Green, which almost alone gives the head of Nelson the character that bespeaks his nature.

One easily reverts to this other collection of national portraits to fill out the interest of the students of American history, and hardly another among them attracts so much the attention of a New Englander as Dobson's picture of that Antinomian disturber of early Massachusetts politics, Harry Vane. This picture was given in the first place to the British Museum by Thomas Hollis, whose interest in Massachusetts history never flagged, and in 1879 it passed, by the consent of the Trustees, into the present collection. Not far from the Vane hangs a good picture of Popham, the Chief Justice, which must have been painted just about the time when he was planning with Sir Ferdinando Gorges that abortive colony on our Maine coast. Close by is Raleigh, just in the period when he was lending his influence to the planting of the Carolina coast.

The time of the Canadian conquest is splendidly represented in the portraits of Boscawen, Amherst, and Wolfe. Reynolds gives us the first, Gainsborough the second, while each of the three pictures of Wolfe, side by side, depicts him strangely with his weak and aimless profile, almost a mockery of his deeds.

For our Revolutionary period, Bethnal Green is much the same in scope with the exhibition now going on in Regent Street. It has for Washington an unmistakable profile by Mrs. Sharples, and a picture by Stuart that I don't remember seeing before—what seems to have been perhaps a trial sketch for the portrait now so well known in various replicas, and usually called the Presidential likeness of Washington. This little picture was purchased by the Trustees of the Museum from George T. Meredith so late as 1887. The single Franklin is an interesting one, and was painted in Paris in 1783, just at the time he was concluding the negotiations of the treaty of peace. Its surface is bad, and I suspect some cleaner is responsible for the difficulty. It is not much unlike in aspect the heads which we associate with Greuze.

One is glad to see in the Museum Gainsborough's portrait of Cornwallis, painted two or three years after his disheartening experience at Yorktown. The catalogue, in saying that his surrender took place at "New York," speaks in a certain sense truer than one of better knowledge would have written; for we cannot forget that Cornwallis always considered that it was Clinton's enmity at those headquarters which allowed his subordinate to be entrapped in Virginia. Admiral Howe is never an interesting character in his experiences on our coast, and his portrait is not more attractive.

The political aspect of the struggle on this side of the Atlantic is in some respects better represented at Bethnal Green than in the Guelph Exhibition. There is, for instance, a striking modelling of Reynolds's disputatious picture of Johnson, in a study by the late Sir Edgar Boehm, in which the sculptor was aided by a death-mask. We find here, too, Reynolds's familiar figure of Burke, more alive, perhaps, with that character's peculiar intellectual instincts than any other. Nollekens appears quite in his element in dealing with the ruggedness of Fox. North, though none of his pictures impresses you as that of an able man, was not certainly quite worthy of the littleness which Dance puts into a likeness of him. The most satisfactory of all is Reynolds's preservation of Lord Shelburne in his peer's robes. We owe much to the liberalizing element which this nobleman carried into the councils that finally ended in the treaty of 1782, and we never quite understood the relative value of the aid which the American Commissioners gave in consummating those negotiations till we got access to the papers of Shelburne, in the life of him which his great-grandson Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice has published.

JUSTIN WINSOR.

IBSEN'S "ROSMERSHOLM."

LONDON, February 24, 1891.

THE performance of Ibsen's "Rosmersholm" has been the chief theatrical event in London since the production of "Beau Austin" at the Haymarket. Whether because of the late "Hedda Gabler" dispute, which at the time, however, scarcely created the excitement anticipated by one at least of the disputants, or because of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's later attack—from the lecture platform—on foul-mouthed realism, or (as his admirers would have us think) because of Ibsen's own force as moral preacher and social reformer, it would be difficult to decide; but certainly the play was looked forward to with unusual interest, and tickets for the only advertised matinée were disposed of so readily that a second performance was rashly promised before the success of the first had been assured.

I say rashly, since of all the Ibsen dramas there is not one which is so hopelessly devoid of dramatic action. In the "Doll's House" and the "Pillars of Society," the only others heretofore presented on the London stage, there are several essentially strong dramatic situations; they are plays which compel one to recognize in them the work of a good dramatist who, unfortunately for the world, has sacrificed his art to moral fads. But with "Rosmersholm" it is a different matter. Interesting as the story is in itself, despite its somewhat childish talk about emancipation and freedom (Ibsen's moral theories in England somehow always do seem a little antiquated), it is, as Ibsen writes it, a story to read, but not to act.

Everything, with the exception of the great final incident, has happened before the curtain goes up for the first time. *Rosmer* has already

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shaken off his old political and religious shackles; *Rebecca West's* love for him has long since led her to rid herself of her rival; the suicide of *Beata*, *Rosmer's* wife—the pivot, as it were, upon which the plot turns—already dates back a year. Four acts are passed in explanation of these facts; confession follows confession; confidences are the order of the day. Even the final incident or catastrophe, the suicide of *Rosmer* and *Rebecca*, is but vaguely suggested and realized; we have but the word of the housekeeper for it as the curtain falls upon the fourth and last act. The play deals essentially with effects of causes not set forth with sufficient clearness, and these effects, revealed by words only, never, by any chance, until at the very last, lead to action or incident; it is all talk, and nothing but talk, from beginning to end.

If the business of the dramatist is henceforth to represent solely the development of character, rather than a sequence of circumstances, then "Rosmersholm" is the best example to be had of the drama of the future. And it was probably because it was felt by theatre-lovers to be such a genuine test case—a case between the old and the new dramatic schools—that the house was crowded from stalls to gallery. But the crowd, as might have been expected, was largely made up of actors and actresses (the performance was given on a Monday afternoon), and of the long-haired men and "æsthetically" draped women who haunt socialistic gatherings and private views—people whose soulful appreciation could be counted on beforehand. The average play-goer was conspicuously absent. In the stalls, the critics who had come to scoff held themselves apart, physically as well as mentally, from those who had come to worship. On the one side, Mr. Clement Scott, fresh from his duel of words with Mr. Grundy; Mr. Wedmore, ready to damn with neat phrases, and the men who address themselves to that public whose idols just now are Augustus Harris and Jerome K. Jerome; on the other, Mr. William Archer, who but the week before had been trying through the weekly press to prepare the world for the subtleties of "Rosmersholm"; "Spectator" of the *Star*, and all the radicals in dramatic criticism. A deaf man, by watching these two groups, by noting at moments the elation of the unreclaimed and the dejection of the professed Ibsenites, would have known exactly how the play was going.

There were times when it went very badly indeed. The house was a sympathetic house; there was no exacting pit to groan and hiss and rebel at flagrant disregard of sacred traditions. But, for all that, in some of the most serious passages in the dialogue, the house laughed uproariously—good-naturedly to be sure, but with undisguised mirth. And the house was quite right; the performance at times was as funny as a farce. But the curious part of it was that even as one laughed most unrestrainedly, one asked one's self whether it was really at Ibsen or at his interpreters. For in the most oppressively dull scenes, in the most deliciously irresistible absurdities, not Ibsen, but actors or translator, or utter want of adaptation, seemed to blame. For a certain vagueness as to why *Rebecca* first came to Rosmersholm, why the discovery that she is an illegitimate child should so move her that she at once confesses her guilt, why the plunge into the mill-race should be the one and only solution to *Rosmer's* love and political difficulties, Ibsen alone is responsible.

But a clever stage-manager could easily make this vagueness seem less. In reading the play one sympathizes in a way with the weak, vacillating student, really meant by nature for a quiet domestic life and a quieter political and ethical sphere, and yet imagining it his duty to turn prophet and enlighten the world. But nothing could have been less interesting and more exasperating than the character of *Rosmer* as played by Mr. Benson, a man whose only qualification for the stage is a face of the Irving type. To this very modern rôle he brought all the old tricks of the stage tragedian; of *Rosmer* he made, as I heard it cleverly put, but a "writhing right-angle"; you were amused at his contortions, but never once convinced of his sincerity; his talk of emancipation was the weak boasting of a child who has played truant or broken into an apple orchard. That a woman of the supposed character of *Rebecca West* could have loved him, was simply an impossibility. An incomparably better actress than Miss Farr could not have saved the situation. Not for a moment in their relations was there even a suggestion of that reality which alone could make "Rosmersholm" possible as a play. Then the actor who undertook the part of *Mortensgärd*, the radical and atheist editor, got himself up as a sort of villain, a genteel Jack the Ripper, and his first appearance convulsed the audience.

No less fatal, in one place at least, was a blunder of the translator. Mr. Archer apparently has been too busy rooting out the errors in Mr. Gosse's translation to have time to attend to those in a work brought out under his own supervision. When *Rector Kroll* accuses *Rebecca West* of trying to seduce *Rosmer*, he tells her of her mother's shame, and then attributes her own conduct to an "involuntary filial instinct," (!) which is a curious and original definition of Ibsen's beloved theory of heredity. But all this scene cried out for the adapter. *Rebecca* will not believe in her mother's guilt: "My mother never said anything to me about it," she tells *Kroll*, and naturally the audience was amused. And the last meeting between *Rebecca* and *Rosmer*, where they decide to die together, which should have been impressive in its tragical intensity, degenerated into the farcical, simply for lack of a little cutting down and concentration. When they go from the house towards the mill-race, into which *Rosmer's* wife, the year before, had thrown herself, a titter ran through the theatre.

But that the play was still interesting, notwithstanding the many drawbacks to its performance; that one would not willingly have missed it, though, given the same circumstances, one would not go to see it a second time—there can be no doubt. After the play was over, in the lobby and entrance hall, groups stood discussing it for half an hour or so. "Certainly," as one of the Ibsenites said to me, "whatever you may say about Ibsen, you must admit that he sets people to thinking and talking as no other dramatist of the day can." This is in a measure true, for to most people it is much easier to understand a moral problem than a work of art. It may be that "Rosmersholm" is a fair type of the coming drama, and that ten or twenty years hence Ibsen will be looked up to by dramatists as master, just as Manet, despised by earlier generations, now is by artists, Zola by novelists. But in this case a new school of acting will have to be developed in England. Played by the average English actor of to-day, an Ibsen drama might be mistaken for a screaming farce.

However, actors and Ibsen alike are to be provided with every chance in London. Already two schemes for English *Théâtres Libres* are being considered, and one, I hear, before long will be actually carried out. The little Royalty Theatre in Soho, sacred to French plays, where M. Antoine brought his company two years ago, will be secured for the purpose, and the opening performance, in all probability, will be Ibsen's "Ghosts." The experiment will not be without its value. N. N.

Correspondence.

RELIEVING THE SUPREME COURT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Congress has now applied a remedy, and it will be a curious subject of observation how it will work. With no desire to find fault, one may venture to call attention to the fact that one of the two objects of a court of appeals has been eliminated from the judicial system of the United States, namely, *compulsory uniformity of law*. One equally important object has been preserved by giving an appeal to a tribunal distinct from the court of the first instance—that is, compulsory obedience to a law of some sort on the part of the court of the first instance. The monstrous system that freed the trying judge from all supervision or control where plaintiffs were content to exact only $5,000, has been terminated, and it is hoped permanently. It may be that this is well purchased by substituting nine systems of law governing contracts, rights of property, and personal rights not involving the death penalty.

The curious problem for the future is how will the system work that creates nine popes for determining the truth in respect of human rights, with an optional right to any one to call a general council to decide between any two of them, and then only so far as a declaration can be a decision. A power of compulsion will not exist in the council, saving for the case in which intervention is asked. Singular mode of obeying the Constitutional command—There shall be *one* Supreme Court!

R. C. McMurtrie.

Philadelphia.

THE TEACHING OF MATHEMATICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A quotation made in your issue of the 12th ult., in the course of a review of Prof. Florian Cajori's 'Teaching and History of Mathematics in the United States,' has, I see, called forth the objection of a correspondent that the passage gives an unfair impression of one of the most eminent of living mathematicians. Permit me to add that it seems to me equally misleading as a specimen of the contents of the book. The words quoted are not those of Prof. Cajori himself, and they occur in the course of a survey of Sylvester's work the whole spirit of which is the exact reverse of disrespect.

The history begins with the colonial period, and, while perhaps "anecdotical," certainly not tedious, in style, it gives evidence of much pains taken to secure accuracy. To all of this historical work—the main subject of the volume—the reviewer devotes but three lines, except as he treats the author's account of the last fifteen years, and this chiefly by making the above-mentioned strange selection.

F. H. L.

Clark University, March 2, 1891.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will you kindly allow a little space for a few remarks on the somewhat unjust criticism which appeared in the *Nation* of the 19th

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inst. on my work entitled 'The Teaching and History of Mathematics in the United States'? The reviewer places undue confidence in his own opinions when he asserts that the replies given by 168 teachers of mathematics in our leading colleges "prove nothing, unless proof be needed that most college professors know little of the aptitudes of their students." The reviewer finds fault because no replies to questions concerning methods of teaching were secured from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, the University of Pennsylvania, Ann Arbor, Cornell, Clark University, and the University of Wisconsin. Is it possible that he failed to see that the mathematical teaching at all these institutions but two was described at length in another place? From most of the eight institutions just named I had received letters with detailed accounts of their work in mathematics before the 1,000 letters with the printed questions above referred to were sent out. For that reason, most likely, these institutions did not consider it necessary to send in information a second time. The obtuseness of the reviewer is brilliantly displayed when he expects reports from Clark University at a time when it had not yet opened its doors to students.

Respectfully yours, FLORIAN CAJORI.

COLORADO COLLEGE, February 27, 1891.

[Complaints about book notices, when not made with a view to the advertisement, are mostly based on the idea that such a notice is mainly written in order to do justice to the author's merit. In fact, its purpose is to give the public such information about a book as it desires, and particularly to show in what way the book may be useful. While we would not deliberately do an author injustice, we cannot go into the question of "pains taken," except in those rare cases where the public desires to hear about that. When so distinguished an astronomer as Sears C. Walker is called "Mr. C. Walker," when other names are misspelled, dates are erroneous, and the information generally defective, great pains may have been taken, but not pains enough. We repeated the nickname and anecdote concerning a great living algebrist, as being well calculated to convey to readers of the *Nation* a hint as to the degree of delicacy of Prof. Cajori's discrimination. "F. H. L." thinks these things "misleading as specimens" of the work; but in truth there is much which were better withheld while the subjects are living, such as: "Professor —— was appointed . . . to supplement Professor ——'s shortcomings," "—— is a far more amiable and congenial person to meet than Professor ——," and the like, the names of the living persons being given. The excuse put forth by "F. H. L." that these things were communicated to Prof. Cajori in private letters, is an explanation that fails to explain.

Another correspondent, "X." (*Nation*, No. 1339), blames us for repeating the story. But in what age of the world, pray, are we living? It was already in print, it was quite true, and, after all, is merely a tale of a bit of eccentricity such as theoretical mathematicians and thinkers generally have been proverbial for since antiquity, and such as may be told of nearly every man living who has made important contributions to pure mathematics. There was a phase of American development (not yet, unfortunately, altogether past) when to say that a person was different from others was an accusation, to call him eccentric simply shocking. Whenever such a charge was made, those of the party's friends who were conscious of superior powers of mendacity, naturally hastened to repel the odious libel, and to assure the public of the maligned gentleman's eminent mediocrity. No wonder that in such an atmosphere mathematical studies have not flourished.

Prof. Cajori must not represent us as pooh-poohing the opinion of 168 teachers. No doubt, were judicious questions asked, their replies would be well-nigh conclusive. We merely said that replies pretty equally divided between "yes" and "no" proved nothing; adding only that, the question being as to the relative aptitudes of two classes of students for mathematics, answers very positive and yet irreconcilably conflicting do go to prove that most of the answerers know little of those aptitudes. From hardly any of the best schools of mathematics were replies to the questions received at all, nor is it true that there is anything in the book equivalent to such replies. The publication is 'Circular of Information, No. 3, 1890,' and therefore one naturally expects to find the opinions concerning methods of teaching held by the instructors at Clark University under the head of "The Mathematical Teaching of the Present Time." But there is nothing of the sort there concerning most of the chief seats of mathematical learning in this country. There are only some generalities under the title, "Influx of French Mathematics," which is surely a thing of the past. The detailed information concerning methods of teaching relates, with some exceptions, exclusively to second-rate institutions.—ED. NATION.]

THE GAP IN PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The points raised by your excellent editorial of February 19 upon some of the defects of female education do not seem to be fully met by the "Harvard Annex" plan as represented by Mr. Gilman in your issue of February 26, for it would seem that those who are "not only women with a purpose," but women "advanced beyond the period of leading-strings," must already have received a pretty large share of their education. We who are connected with coeducation schools do not see how the gap can be well filled except on our plan, where young women and young men are held to the same standards and are taught by the same teachers. Is it not also a question whether it is a thing to be boasted of in a woman's school that "there are no women among the instructors"? Indeed, can we be so sure that some women instructors would be entirely out of place presiding over classes containing young men? Must all the young men be for ever excluded from enjoying instruction from such a teacher as Prof. Maria Mitchell proved to be in astronomy? We are far from claiming that the plan of coeducation is above criticism, but that it does supply superior opportunities for filling the gap which you have pointed out must be evident to all.

G. FREDERICK WRIGHT.

OBERLIN COLLEGE, March 6, 1891.

Notes.

THE Society for Political Education, No. 330 Pearl Street, New York, announces for publication on March 16 'The Reader's Guide to Economic, Social, and Political Science.' The editors, Messrs. R. R. Bowker and George Iles, have been aided by twenty-six specialists in the preparation of their lists. The Guide will give titles of the most important and recent books, articles, and reports, with numerous descriptive and critical notes. The courses in economic and political science offered by the principal American colleges, for men and women, will be summarized, and courses of reading, elementary, intermediate, and advanced, will be prescribed. The Guide will contain 170 pages, whereas the pamphlet similar in aim published by the Society in 1880 had but 36 pages.

The American Academy of Political and Social Science, whose headquarters are in Philadelphia, announce in their report for 1890 that they will issue at an early date translations of the text of the Mexican Constitution by Prof. Moses of the University of California; of the French Constitution by Prof. Cohn of Harvard; of the Belgian by Francis B. Lee of Trenton; of the Prussian, etc. The fourth number of the Society's *Annals* will appear in April, completing the first volume of the Proceedings. Thereafter the Proceedings will be published bi-monthly instead of quarterly. The membership of the Society exceeds 1,600.

Announcement has already been made of the programme of the Spanish Academy for the celebration of the fourth centennial of the discovery of America. Additional action has just been taken by that body in the shape of a plan to publish an anthology of Spanish-American poetry and a *catalogue raisonné* of the most famous writers of the ancient Spanish possessions in the New World. The work is to be under the charge and at the expense of the Academy, and contributions to the proposed volumes are invited from the corresponding academies of South America. Special attention is to be given to the literature produced since independence of Spain. The Academy shrewdly announces beforehand that the anthology is not to extend beyond two quarto volumes; we fear that the work of reducing the vast bulk of Spanish-American poetry to that space will be as difficult as getting the genius of the 'Arabian Nights' back into the coffer again.

The Academy has also in hand the publication of the 'Cantigas de Santa María' of Don Alfonso el Sabio, based upon the codices of the Escorial, which have been scrupulously collated. It will be provided with an introduction and a glossary by the Marquis de Valmar, and will be of the greatest value to the student of the comparative philology of the Romance languages.

A popular ornithological work by John B. Grant, which involves the careful reproduction, by photography, of sixty-four of the more familiar birds of North America, with descriptive text, is in preparation by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, will issue directly 'The Spanish Conspiracy: A Review of Early Spanish Movements in the Southwest, etc., etc.,' by Thomas Marshall Green.

'A History of the Sectional Struggle'—between North and South, namely—by Cicero W. Harris, to be comprised in an octavo volume of 600 pages, will be published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. The author's

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references to authorities will be copious and exact.

Harper & Bros. will shortly publish 'A New England Nun, and Other Stories,' by Mary E. Wilkins.

'An American Girl in London,' by Miss Duncan, with illustrations by F. H. Townsend, is in the press of D. Appleton & Co.

Maj. Casati's work, 'Ten Years in Equatoria, and the Return with Emin Pasha,' which has just appeared in its Italian dress, will soon be published in English by F. Warne & Co.

John Wiley & Sons announce 'Ordnance and Gunnery,' by Capt. Henry Metcalfe, U. S. A.

A new and enlarged edition of J. Harrington Keene's 'Fly Fishing and Fly-Making for Trout' is about to be brought out by the *Forest and Stream* Publishing Company.

Charles L. Webster & Co. have engaged Mr. Blaine to oversee a chapter bringing Gen. Sherman's Memoirs down to date, and to add a personal tribute and a critique of the Memoirs.

'Dangers of the Apostolic Age,' by the Bishop of Manchester, and 'Life Story of Our Earth' and 'Life Story of Man' in the "Science Ladders" series, are to be published in this country by Thomas Whittaker.

A. Lovell & Co. announce Alarcon's 'El Final de Norma,' translated by Mrs. F. J. A. Darr.

Worthington Co. announce Ossip Schubin's 'Boris Lensky,' translated by Elise L. Lathrop; and E. Marlitt's 'A Brave Woman,' translated by Margaret P. Waterman.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have recently distributed among their employees a portion of the profits of the business during the past year. Instances of this commendable practice are, we believe, by no means common in the publishing business.

Mr. George Willis Cooke has brought the work of many Browning students to a head in his 'Guidebook to the Poetic and Dramatic Works of Robert Browning' (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), which is a dictionary of the persons named in the poems, the poems themselves, their allusions, etc., arranged alphabetically. The way of the writer has been made easy for him by the works of Mrs. Sutherland Orr, Mr. Arthur Symons, the *Publications of the Browning Society*, etc., but he has been sufficiently patient and comprehensive to make an excellent encyclopædia of the sort of which Browning stands in need, and in the volume the student will find easily what he might have to search for in many other books. There is a bibliography of Browning literature in connection with the work and an index. Altogether, it is the most complete work of its kind yet issued, and may fairly be called a compendious Browning Library in itself.

Within the space of three years, Prof. Henry Drummond's episodical book of travels, 'Tropical Africa,' has got into a fourth edition, low-priced in order to be "popular" (Scribner & Welford). The work has already been reviewed by us at length, but we will recommend it afresh for its positive information and graphic descriptions, and for its humane spirit, which, manifested on behalf of the miserable victims of the slave trade, will also unconsciously elevate the mind of the reader.

The latest volume in the Camelot Series (London: Walter Scott; New York: A. Lovell & Co.) is a reprint of Darwin's classic work 'On the Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs.' The handy and attractive volume is provided with a colored map, and Mr. Joseph W. Williams furnishes a brief introductory account of the origin of Darwin's theory of coral formation, and a candid and very useful summary of the present state of the question, which must be considered far from settled. Due notice is taken of the most recent American scientific observations and opinion.

'The Medical Annual' (New York: E. B. Treat & Co.) is an English epitome of the progress of medicine and the allied sciences. The volume before us, the eighth, bears date of January, 1890, and is thus one year behind the journals, but is probably as near to them as proper selection would warrant. The chapter on sanitary science contains statements on drainage, ventilation, and water supply well supported by authority, but which cannot be regarded as new. The whole is a convenient practical condensation, with the references to the originals generally noted.

The excretion of sugar characterizes two diseases, one of which, true diabetes, terminates in death after a slow career. Much study and experiment has been expended in searching for its essential nature and its proper treatment. The latest contribution to the subject is that of Dr. Emil Schnée of Carlsbad, in his book 'Diabetes: Its Cause and Permanent Cure,' translated by Dr. R. L. Tafel (London: H. K. Lewis). The author claims that the disease is distinctly curable, provided the physical changes have not passed the limit where mechanical restoration is impossible. The report of cases appears to confirm that claim, and it would seem to be physicians' duty to go over this ground with care. The very pronounced use of the first person gives an unpleasant tone to the book, and, in one of our own race, would suggest doubt as to professional standing; but in this instance it seems a matter of taste rather than of intelligence. The translation is intelligible but not altogether smooth and idiomatic. We repeat that a sufficient presumption is established to warrant reinvestigation by the faculty of the causes and treatment of this grave disease.

Under the title 'Protective Philosophy,' Mr. David Hall Rice undertakes the defence of the "American protective system," as embodied in the McKinley Bill (Boston: Geo. B. Reed). The comparative effects of a high tariff and free trade are ingeniously established by two photographs, one showing the workers in a British linen mill, the other those in an American mill of similar character. A captious critic might object that the art of photography has not yet reached such perfection as to enable us to see causes; but unless some malignant free-trader should produce photographs of the workers in Austrian or Russian mills, we apprehend that Mr. Rice's method will be deemed conclusive by protectionists.

M. Gustave Brunet, the book-lover of Bordeaux, has just published a volume of 'Études sur la Reliure des Livres, et sur les Collections de Bibliophiles Célèbres' (Bordeaux: Vve. Moquet; New York: F. W. Christern). It is an amplification of a pamphlet published in 1873. Its chief value is as a supplement in some sort to the lists of books owned by famous collectors—M. Leroux de Lincy's catalogue of the Grolier library, for example, and certain of the briefer catalogues contained in M. Quentin Bauchart's 'Femmes Bibliophiles de la France.' M. Brunet is able to add nearly fifty titles of books owned by Grolier to the list of some three hundred and fifty contained in M. Leroux de Lincy's biography. Considering the present condition of the bookbinding art in Great Britain, it is curious to discover that British bookbinding was fashionable in France early in this century. Yet M. Brunet is unable to get Roger Payne's name right (p. 156); he calls him John.

In the *Nouvelle Revue* for February 1 is an article by Mlle. Marie Anne de Bovet on "Un Écrivain Cosmopolite: Henry James." To the readers of the elder *Revue des Deux Mondes* Mr. James's fiction had already and long ago been introduced by Mme. Th. Bentzon. In the Hetzel collection of translations, one of the latest volumes is 'La Sœur de Miss Ludington,' by Mr. Edward Bellamy, translated by R. Issam.

The twenty-seventh part of the new 'Stieler's Hand-Atlas' (Westermann) consists of maps of the German and the Chinese Empires and of India.

Dr. W. Junker contributes to *Petermann's Mitteilungen* a detailed account of the route between the Albert and Victoria Nyanzas followed by him in 1886. His purpose was to secure a passage through Unyoro and Uganda for Emin Pasha and his people, which failed because of a war then raging between the two countries. He refers to the great number and extent of papyrus swamps to be found on the banks of the streams. From the stems the natives construct floating bridges, or rafts when the streams are too wide and deep for bridging. He draws an attractive picture of Uganda, with its large and industrious population and its villages nestling in banana groves, with scattered farm-houses surrounded by cultivated fields. Not far from the capital he passed a hill which was crowned with a castle "just like ours," though built only of wood and straw.

In striking contrast to Dr. Junker's account of Uganda as it was five years ago is the report of Mr. Jackson, who visited that country in 1890 in the interests of the British East Africa Company. As a consequence of the persecution of the Christians and the civil wars, it has become a desert. "Rank vegetation covers the once fertile fields and groves. Dead bodies are lying about everywhere. All industry seems at a standstill. The people are mostly in a state of semi-starvation." Though the Christians are for the time in the ascendant, "the Mohammedans are collected on the borders of the country watching their opportunity to rush in and take possession." It is proposed, accordingly, to give up the idea of making Uganda the base of the company's operations on the lake, and to establish their headquarters in Usogo on the northeastern shore, and "one of the most desirable of the lake countries." With a summary of this report in the London *Times* is joined that of Capt. Lugard, another agent of the company, who was sent to explore the country between the coast and the lake, with a view to determining the route for the railway and to establish stations. "He found beds of rich iron ore, plumbago, and copper sulphate," and also mentions, "with great caution," the discovery of "crystalline quartz reefs similar to the gold-bearing reefs which he has seen elsewhere." Among other things which are being done to develop the country under the company's control, valuable timber trees from India are being set out in favorable places, and a number of Persians and Indians have been imported to start plantations of various kinds.

The February *Portfolio* (Macmillan) has a varied and readable table of contents. Mr. Walter Armstrong, with the aid of several plates and process cuts, justifies the recent appreciation of the paintings of Johannes Vermeer of Delft. Haddon Hall is redescribed and pictured, the letter-press being from the pen of Mr. John Leyland. Mr. Hamerton pursues his theme of "The Present State of the Fine Arts in France," devoting his second paper to "Painting; the Observation of Contem-

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porary Life." He here talks very suggestively of the opportunities for the artist offered by the modern marvels of invention and industry, like the express-train, the steam-roller, the forge for armored ships, and the like; notes the drift towards subjects connected with surgery, chemistry, and anatomy; and discovers a democratic trait in the depicting of scenes from ordinary life, particularly in the humbler and more painful walks. Memoranda of certain of the paintings referred to serve in a rather crude way to point and enforce his remarks. In the March number the theme is "Various Effects of Modern Observation," and the moral, that when a modern French artist "has to make his choice between an artistic advantage on the one hand and some additional piquancy of human interest on the other, he will generally go where his public lead him." In other words, "in a very great number of modern pictures, art is sacrificed to mere fact." This is illustrated by the discussion of several well-known canvases of recent date, beginning with Brouillet's "Suzanne." Significant is Mr. Hamerton's comment on the contrast between Parisian public architecture and the paintings (open to the above criticism) chosen to decorate them.

A correspondent who writes to us from New England says: "The word 'lad,' though it has not been so strictly confined to the written language as the word 'wag,' has yet been unfamiliar to the mouths of all save a few superior persons who happened to be in a condescending mood. As Chauncey Wright used to say, 'lad' has been 'a boy with a man's hand on his head.' I have on this account noted with interest during the last few months a revival of the word among school-boys. 'Lad' is now not only in common use with them as a synonym of 'boy,' but the slang phrase 'Give a lad a chance' seems to have become a catch-word."

—*L'Art* (Macmillan) closed its last volume in December with a plaint. It had early in the year offered three prizes for etchings in as many classes, and had named a competent jury. To the disgust of the proprietors, but a single offering was made—a translation of Chaplin's "L'Age d'or," which has since been printed among the plates accompanying the new volume that marks the seventeenth year of this art journal. In the issue for January 1 one is met directly with the regrettable announcement that the state of M. Paul Leroi's health compels his retirement from the conduct of *L'Art*. He will carry with him undoubted respect for his zeal and devotion in his late office. At the same time the *Courrier de l'Art* of his founding will no longer accompany the main journal. Its publication is definitively abandoned, and in place of it the subscribers will be annually presented with a notable engraving. This year's is already distributed, and is a large and fine etching after Rosa Bonheur's well-known cattle-piece in the Luxembourg, "Labourage Nivernais." M. Leroi will be succeeded by and his work divided between two very capable men—Émile Molinier for the literary direction, and Théophile Chauvel for the artistic. The latest numbers to February 15 inclusive continue the retrospect of a "Century of Salonniers," with reviews of a number of holiday and illustrated publications. We may mention also the paper on the new-old castle of Vincigliata, near Florence, one of the greatest curiosities of that city, and a chapter on the mode of lighting ball-rooms and theatres in the eighteenth century, taken from Henry d'Allemagne's "Histoire du Luminaire." Both are furnished with interesting illustrations.

—The most interesting article in the February number of *La Réforme Sociale* is that entitled "A Travers la Russie: Observations Sociales et Impressions de Voyage," by M. A. Delaire. Had not the writer felt himself bound to account for Russia as a whole and describe the landscape, he would have had more space for his remarks on the condition of the factory hands, which is really his subject. In spite of his amateurishness, he sets forth clearly the fact that the absence of labor agitations in Russia is, in great part, due to the importance there accorded to religion and the family. The point is thoroughly well taken. At factories visited by him near Moscow and St. Petersburg, he found a form of family and communal life in the working-people's tenement-houses, which are admirably arranged for health. According to the Russian law, women cannot be employed between the hours of nine P. M. and five A. M. Young lads of fifteen to seventeen are subject to the same regulations. No children under twelve years of age can be employed. From twelve to fifteen, they may work eight hours a day, in stints of four hours, with an interval of four hours for rest. The women work eight hours, generally, or nine hours, in two stints. In St. Petersburg, the drinking-saloons are successfully opposed by free lectures and classes in church singing, which are thronged. The object of M. Delaire's article is to encourage Frenchmen to employ with profit their money and talents in the creation of manufactures in Russia, in emulation of those of his countrymen who have already reaped a rich harvest by so doing. He ends with a word of warning to France, exhorting her to avert impending peril by practising the virtues worthy of a free people, and to strengthen the foundations of prosperity, as in Russia and the United States, by recognition of the principles indispensable to prosperity—the law of God and the authority of the father, religion, and family.

—Out of 150 pages of W. M. Rossetti's edition of Shelley's 'Adonais' for the Clarendon Press Series (Macmillan), only 25 are occupied with the poem; the rest consists of memoirs of Shelley and Keats, separate essays on the composition and bibliography of the poem, its argument, and a general exposition, and notices of Bion and Moschus, together with over fifty pages of notes in fine print. This is the first work of Shelley to be submitted to such minute treatment, and it is not surprising to find that the editor often has occasion to remark upon inconsistencies in the imagery, irregularities of grammar, and obscurities of all sorts. Shelley was a poet full of faults of expression, and they are of the kind that grow greater the more they are attended to; but we were not prepared for the Procrustean rigor of some of Mr. Rossetti's criticism. Not infrequently we find notes which seem to us puerile; as, for example, on "Grief made the young spring wild," it is said that this "may be taken as implying that Shelley supposed Keats to have died in spring, but in fact he died in the winter—23 February;" and similarly, on "For whom should she have waked the sullen year," it is questioned whether "the year" began with January 1 or March 23. Worse even are the following: on "the mountain shepherds," we read—"As the shepherds do not belong to the low country, so neither do the poets to the flats of verse"; again, on "Ever at thy season be thou free to spill the venom," we read "*at thy season* can be understood as a reference to the periodical issues of the *Quarterly Review*." In more serious points, the ineptitude of the editor's comments on Shelley's science is especially remarkable, but one instance must suffice; on "The golden day had left the earth a corpse," he says that Shelley "takes no account of the fact that the sun when it ceases to illumine one part of the earth is shining upon another part." This is not enlightening criticism. Occasionally the editor has, in our judgment, missed the meaning. The "daring hyperbole" in the phrase "Death blushed to annihilation" is suggested probably by the faint hue of life revisiting the face as "the breath" revisited the lips, but it is treated as if no simple explanation were possible. In stanza 29 the notion that Shelley means that a new genius "appears to contemporaries to throw preceding poets into obscurity" is without good ground; the antithesis is between the sun and the reptile or insect life—the latter die, the former [*i. e.*, the poet] becomes a star in the night of death, with its "kindred lamps." No doubt the imagery in this passage is very confused, but it is in Shelley's usual manner. We have cited more instances than ordinarily because of Mr. Rossetti's distinction as a Shelley scholar; but it is a disappointment to find him least successful in this labor of minute exposition. The volume is very prettily bound and admirably printed.

—A second volume of Brugmann's 'Comparative Grammar of the Indo-Germanic Languages' has appeared in English translation (Westermann & Co.), and we are pleased to notice in the matter of the English idiom a decided advance over the first volume, whose abundant barbarisms gave us in an earlier number opportunity for criticism. The translation of the present volume is the joint work of Mr. Conway and Mr. Rouse, both Fellows of Cambridge colleges, and has been done with extraordinary care and self-consistency. A serious effort has been made to determine and establish a system of appropriate English equivalents for the technical nomenclature of the science—no easy thing to accomplish, inasmuch as the science, being almost exclusively German in its origin, has developed a German rather than a cosmopolitan nomenclature. The adoption of such terms as "proethnic" (*ur-*); "pre"-Greek (*vorgriechisch*), "fertile" (*produktiv*), "extended" (*erweitert*), "epithetised" (*mutiert* for compounds like *baldhead, greatheart*), "analogical," "thematic," etc., will meet with general approval. Whether the final naturalization of "ablaut," "umlaut," "grundform," and "Indo-Germanic" will be accepted with equal readiness seems to us questionable. *Ablaut* and *umlaut* have, to be sure, the advantage of being confined to an exclusively technical use, but *gradation* and *mutation* are truer. *Indo-Germanic* is less familiar to Englishmen and Americans than *Indo-European*, and by Frenchmen can never be viewed but with abhorrence. *Aryan*, which is still preferred by ethnologists, is better than either, but is unfortunately appropriated by most German linguists to the value *Indo-Iranian*.

—Prof. Arnold Brass of Marburg has just published a volume entitled 'Die niedrigsten Lebewesen' (Leipzig: Thieme), which, in view of the universal interest excited by Dr. Koch's bacteriological researches and his recent discovery of the bacillus of tuberculosis, may be regarded as a very timely work. It is a clear and comprehensive presentation of the subject, attractive in style and combining scientific accuracy with perfect intelligibility to the ordinary reader. The text is also illustrated by nearly seventy excellent woodcuts. It is divided into three sections, of which the first

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and most important treats of "Spaltpilze," the second of vegetable micro-organisms, and the third of animal micro-organisms. The "Spaltpilze," which he subdivides into four groups, are exceedingly varied in form and function, and comprise some of the most active friends as well as the most destructive foes of the human race. They are the producers of fermentation and putrefaction, and, were it not for their ceaseless activity, there would be no beer nor cheese, no wine nor leavened bread; the refuse of vegetation and the dead bodies of men and animals, instead of decaying and disappearing as dust, would dry up and harden, and the earth would be encumbered with innumerable and imperishable mummies. But if they are necessary co-workers with man in his industrial enterprises and sanitary regulations, they are not less efficient as pathogenic agents or generators of disease. Prof. Brass gives an interesting account of the methods of studying bacteria, the processes of "pure culture," the means employed to color these delicate and transparent organisms with aniline colors, of which they are remarkably fond, in order to render them more easily observable, and the application of photography to the same end. The work deserves to be translated and disseminated as a valuable contribution to public hygiene.

—Mr. James Terry has published a monograph upon certain "Sculptured Anthropoid Ape Heads" found in or near the Valley of John Day River, one of which is in his collection, another is the property of Professor O. C. Marsh, while the third is owned in Oregon. They are described as being carved from bowlders of basaltic rock; and the resemblance, more or less close, which they bear to the apes, leads Mr. Terry to the conclusion "either that the animals which these carvings represent once existed in the Columbia Valley, or that, in the remote past, a migration of natives from some region containing these monkeys reached this valley, and left one of the vivid impressions of their former surroundings" in these sculptures. This explanation may be correct, but the facts do not prove it any more than the statement of Major Long, that an Omaha Indian "attributed to an animal from which he received his medicine the form and features of the elephant," proves that elephants formerly lived in the valley of the Missouri, or that the tribe had migrated from a region where these animals abounded. As a matter of fact, there is another explanation; and without wishing to insist upon its truth, we may be permitted to suggest that these carvings may have been made at any time during the past century by a white man, or by some Indian who had seen a monkey or a picture of one. There is nothing impossible in the idea, and it acquires a certain plausibility from the fact that these specimens are surface finds, and, hence, must be classed as recent until proved otherwise.

A SENATOR OF THE FIRST CONGRESS.

Journal of William Maclay, United States Senator from Pennsylvania, 1789–1791. Edited by Edgar S. Maclay, A.M. D. Appleton & Co. 1890.

In order to estimate this Journal at its true value, we must form to ourselves some proper conception of the character and peculiarities of the writer. We may say, then, that William Maclay seems to have been a man of acute intellect, well trained in the logic of the bar; constitutionally simple in his habits and in matters of taste invincibly opposed to the very appearance of artificiality; inflexible in his social convictions and political principles; narrow in the range of his sympathies, and therefore inclined to be suspicious in the judgments he formed concerning the motives and actions of men; naturally endowed with a sub-acid temper, and therefore easily stirred into irritability by the contacts of public life. He was, besides, a confirmed valetudinarian, doomed to coddle his rheumatic joints with anxious solicitudes, and diverted from his daily chronicle of political fault-finding only to register his twinges of personal pain, and record specifics for rheumatism compiled from Buchan's 'Family Physician' and the quack advertisements which met his eye.

We must also consider the psychological effect which is likely to be produced in certain minds by the mere fact of keeping a diary, whether for the writer's eye alone or with a view to ultimate publication. Large and wholesome natures like Walter Scott may keep a daily chronicle of thoughts and observations without betraying any side on which their minds are unequally weighted, because they hold their minds under even command; but if there be any want or excess in the balance and proportion of a diarist's mental constitution, it is sure to be disclosed and to be intensified by the constant repercussion with which the pen will return to certain topics according to the points of view which give a predominant outlook to the writer's observations. The 'Mémoires' of Saint-Simon not only show what an acute observer he was, drawing shrewd inferences from looks, tones, and gestures, but also show how this critical acumen of his was sharpened by long practice. The diary of Brainerd not only shows how sensitive he was to "the plague of his heart," but how that sensitiveness grew morbid and became a running sore under the irritation of daily self-analysis. The same monochromatic tone is perceivable in books of confessions, whether written by a St. Augustine to crucify sinful affections and lusts, or by a Rousseau to glorify the naïveté of his sentimental naturalism. Self-performed autopsies, like those of Bunyan in his 'Grace Abounding,' of Lamennais in his 'Paroles d'un Croyant,' of even Newman in his 'Apologia,' must all fall under the same condemnation so far as they fall under the same category. And as in religion so in politics. Few are the benignant bosoms in which the fires of patriotism are seen to blaze with the pure white flame which burns its own smoke. The public man who, fresh from the fervors of debate, hastens to commit his burning words to a diary, is pretty sure to leave the smell of smoke on his manuscript. The diary may even serve as a chafing-dish, for as he muses, pen in hand, the fire will burn afresh, and we may count him happy if, with the *esprit d'escalier* coming to his aid and comfort, he can resist the temptation to make it hotter for his adversaries on paper than in the actual war of words. In the diary of John Quincy Adams, ardent patriot and good hater as he was, we fancy that we can often detect the traces of the nitric acid which dripped so easily from his tongue and pen. In the Journal of Maclay, ardent Republican and good hater as he was, the odor of "sweltered venom" is as pervasive as it is pungent.

In further explanation of the "snip-snap and contradiction" (as Maclay phrases it) which keep up a constant reverberation in this Journal, like fire-crackers exploding in a barrel, we must bethink ourselves of the temper of the times in which this determined anti-Federalist was called to act and write. The new Government of the United States had just been framed under the Constitution, after a critical period of unparalleled confusion, doubt, and apprehension. The Constitution, with its new form of polity, instead of relieving the public mind from this state of tension, had as yet only added a new element of doubt and apprehension to make the confusion worse confounded. Maclay was of those who shared in all the fears begotten by the enlarged powers delegated under the Constitution to the general Government. The fierce champion of State-rights, he was perpetually startled from his propriety by the spectre of "Monarchy." And so it naturally came to pass that when this unbending Republican entered the Senate of the United States in 1789, filled with all the apprehensions of the hour, he was strict and quick to mark every symptom, whether in debate, ceremonial, or public life, which seemed to him of evil augury for the simplicity of American politics. As the Senate held its sessions in secret, and as the writer kept his Journal for private inspection alone, he was left perfectly free to give full license to his pen, not only for the purpose of jotting down his observations, but also for the purpose of giving form and pressure to every dubious impression and flitting suspicion that crossed his mind. We have, therefore, a complete spectrum of his mind exhibited in lines which enable us to know the writer *intus et in cute*.

So suspicious of the new Constitution that his soul often "revolts" against it, lest it may "turn out the vilest of all traps that ever was set to ensnare the freedom of an unsuspecting people"; so suspicious of men that he is always prone to divine some sinister motive at the bottom of human actions; such a hard-hitter in debate that his hand is against every man, and yet so touchy in his sensibilities that he complains of slights received from friends and enemies; so controversial in his temper that he sometimes mingles in debate for "pastime," and sometimes purely for practice in the art of dialectics; so critical in his judgments that nearly everybody is made to smart under his lash, yet sometimes wondering why it is that men in Congress "keep him at a kind of guarded distance that seems to preclude sociability"; so minute and penetrating in his own observations that he tries to discern the secret thoughts of men behind the veil of their words and acts, yet so frank in his own self-revelations that he tells us, without a blush for his social ethics, how he "pared his nails" in open Senate, and how he tried to buy two votes for Harrisburg as the site of the Federal city; so secluded and simple in his tastes that he lived in the retirement of a New York boarding-house, at the rate of $2 a week, yet so self-conscious that he not only marks the neglect in which he is left by the diplomatic corps and by "people of *ton* in the city," but shows that he felt it by recording that he "did not care a fig for it"—this stalwart champion of pure and simple democracy was, we see at once, a born *Frondeur* who never felt so much at home as when he was in the ranks of the political opposition. Confessing himself without charity enough to believe that the prevailing party in the Senate could be composed of honest men, he now exclaims, "Lord, deliver us from rascals!" and now ejaculates, "O, sweet candor, when wilt thou quit the cottage and the lisping infant's lips, and shed thy glory around the statesman's head?"

In view of this constitutional censoriousness, it is no great surprise to learn that certain people, at the close of his two years' term, were minded, as he says, to have him out of the Senate, "even if they should put the devil in his place." Nobody questioned his inflexible

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Republicanism. It was only his political pessimism that soured the minds of men against him. But the same porcupine quills which a hundred years ago made him an uncomfortable companion in the Senatorial family of that day do but make his diary the more piquant and poignant now that their sharp points draw no blood.

At first it would seem that the figure of Washington loomed before his eyes with a genuine nimbus around the head of "the first character in the world," but the nimbus soon began to fade. Little awkwardnesses came at the outset to make "the great man" seem ridiculous, as when, in state ceremonials, he was seen to stumble and fumble while acting what seemed to Maclay the part of a posture-master, or as when, at state dinners, the President, in intervals of silence between the courses, "played on the table with a fork or knife, like a drumstick." A little later Maclay began to suspect that Washington was symbolizing with the men who favored the establishment of a "splendid court" around the Presidential office. Next he suspects that "His Elective Highness" is courting the House of Representatives in order to depress the Senate and exalt the prerogatives of the Executive. So he hints that Washington, in the use of patronage, was acting the part of Walpole, and after adding that "Walpole was a villain;" what, he whispers to his Journal, "must be the man who follows Walpole's footsteps"? The "fine gold" in the world's "first character" soon becomes "dim," until, in the end, smitten with disgust at the pomp and circumstance of a Presidential levee, the diarist records a fervent wish that "Washington were in heaven!" After this the President comes in for heaviest reproach as "the constant cover to every unconstitutional and unrepublican act," and is finally flouted as having become, in the hands of Alexander Hamilton, "the dishclout of every dirty speculation, because his name goes to wipe away blame and silence all murmuring." When Maclay comes to write down his final verdict concerning our first President, the record seems to have been so disparaging that the leaf of the diary containing it has been torn out.

Richard Henry Lee, Oliver Ellsworth, and Alexander Hamilton hold a particularly bad eminence in the pages of this Journal. Lee is painted as the "Ishmael of the Senate"; as the leader in futile discussion for titles and for all the fooleries, fopperies, fineries, and pomp of royal etiquette; as combining great practice in public business with a factious and restless disposition; and, finally, as seeming to do his best to destroy the Constitution (to which he had been opposed) by overloading it with alien forms and usages. He says that Lee was believed to be "the worst of men" till Pierce Butler of South Carolina entered the Senate and became *facile princeps* as the marplot of debate.

It was to be expected that an ardent Federalist like Oliver Ellsworth, the framer of the Judiciary Act, would incur the special odium of an ardent Republican like Maclay. From the first, Maclay expresses a doubt whether Ellsworth is a man to be trusted. He is described as being tainted with monarchical notions; as being "the most conceited man in the world"; as believing that he could carry anything by sheer force of pertinacity, and by a prolixity of tongue which procured for him the epithet of "Endless Ellsworth"; as a "bare-faced supporter" of the Administration in all its measures; as ready to "varnish over villany and give effect to roguery without license"; as a man of ability, but "without a particle of principle"; as gifted with much argumentative dexterity, but a poor draftsman of statutes, who sometimes could not even spell correctly. Yet Maclay recognizes in Ellsworth a political foeman worthy of his steel, and records with evident gusto an occasion when, as he thought, he got a "hard hit" at the Connecticut partisan.

Alexander Hamilton is, of course, put in a pillory and pelted with every variety of injurious epithet. It is predicted that the Funding System will "damn his character as a Minister." It is charged that he was a base buyer of votes; that he used the Cincinnati Society as his political machine; that he converted the mercantilism of New York city into an engine of administration, until at last the city deserved to be called "Hamiltonopolis"; that he kept a crew of stipendiary servitors in the House of Representatives, and owned a troop of "gladiators" in the Senate who were ever ready to fight for their master; that a majority of the Senate were "sold" to him because he had "bought" them, and that he showed economy in not paying more for votes on sale than he found to be necessary. In a word, the writer sets down Hamilton as a "damnable villain."

But after all these poisoned arrows have been discharged from Maclay's full quiver, it is John Adams, "Bonny Johnny Adams," who must be accepted as the favorite quarry of our Republican archer. The language of the writer seems to labor for the invention of words that shall be adequate to express the aversion and contempt with which he is inspired by the bearing, manner, words, and acts of the first Vice-President of the United States. His alleged fussiness, his fidgetiness, his peevishness, his pedagogical imperiousness, his fondness for trifles, his supreme delight in questions of etiquette, his mania for nobility, his insufferable loquacity, his vacant laugh, his unmeaning simper, his egregious egotism are all held up for constant ridicule in the pages of this Journal. There are times when the chronicler can no longer contain himself as he recalls the demeanor of his *bête noire*, and he exclaims, "O, Adams, Adams, what a wretch art thou!" It is recorded with surprise that on one occasion, when the Vice-President had the casting vote, he actually voted right—that is, he voted with Maclay. Ordinarily the writer complains that the Vice-President "affected to treat him with all the neglect he could." The following excerpt from the Journal, under date of May 11, 1789, will suffice as a specimen of Maclay's antipathy for "Bonny Johnny Adams":

> "Mr. Izard and sundry gentlemen of the Senate [are] dissatisfied with our Vice-President. He takes on him to school the members from the chair. His grasping after titles has been observed by everybody. Mr. Izard, after describing his air, manner, deportment, and personal figure in the chair, concluded with applying the title of *Rotundity* to him. I have really often looked at him with surprise mingled with contempt when he is in the chair, and no business before the Senate. Instead of that sedate, easy air which I would have him possess, he will look on one side, then on the other, then down on the knees of his breeches, then dimple his visage with the most silly kind of half smile which I cannot well express in English. The Scotch-Irish have a word that hits it exactly—*smudging*. God forgive me for the vile thought, but I cannot help thinking of a monkey just put into breeches when I saw him betray such evident marks of self-conceit."

The Journal, however, has a solid value apart from these vivacities of expression and this impressionist style of portraiture. As has been already intimated, the very age if not the body of the time in which it was written, can here be found with its sharp sectional contrasts and its bitter political antagonisms. The Pennsylvania Senator confesses to a special hatred for New England, and intimates that "honesty throve badly east of the Hudson." Sometimes, indeed, the record of cabals and intrigues is relieved for a moment by a pleasant picture of the first Senators gathered together in "chatting parties about the fires and stoves," but such glimpses are only for a moment. The scene soon shifts to some company of Senators and Representatives, inside or outside of the halls of Congress, where "the nether jaw of Clymer is seen shaking with convulsive motions, like a goose nearly strangled in the act of deglutition"; where Benson of New York "bungles like a shoemaker who has lost his end"; where Fisher Ames raises aloft "his hippocratic aspect"; where Elbridge Gerry exhibits the advantage of having "a cadaverous appearance," because he looked so bad that he "ran no risk of deterioration"; where Boudinot's wrinkles "rose in ridges," while the angles of his mouth "assumed a curve resembling [that of] a horse's shoe"; where "Hamilton's group," assembled at a public funeral, "are pricking up their ears and Speculation is wiping a tear from either eye"; where Read of Delaware "is swinging on his legs for an hour or more," in tiresome speechification; where Gouverneur Morris, "half pimp and half envoy," is portrayed as a political eavesdropper at the English Court; where Gen. Schuyler is whistled down the wind as "the supple-jack of his son-in-law, Hamilton"; where the courtly visage of Rufus King is described as "a perfect canvas for the devil to paint on"; where the respectable John Jay, seated at the dinner-table of Washington, "tries to make a laugh" by retailing a *scabreux* anecdote, or where the whole Pennsylvania delegation, assembled at mess-table, are making the air feculent with "bestial badney."

It will be seen at a glance that there is a certain picturesque exaggeration and a large dash of Rabelaisian humor in such grotesque characterizations as these. Yet we have no doubt that the writer was perfectly sincere when, at the close of his term and in full prospect of his failure to be reëlected, he made a minute that the First Congress of the United States "deserved to be d——d."

If it shall seem strange that we have bestowed so much attention on the acrid personalities which abound in this Journal, we have only to remark that it is these hot-spiced condiments which give to the present publication its only original flavor. The substantial contents of the diary, with the expurgation of its invidious flings, were published some ten years ago—in a very inadequate form, it is true, yet with the addition of much illustrative material drawn from contemporary sources. The editor of this new recension tells us in the preface that "great care has been taken to give the present publication word for word from the original manuscript, even to the [mis]spelling of proper names." But the transcription of the manuscript for the press has, we fear, been very carelessly made. The text swarms with mistakes which are apparently the fault of the copyist rather than of the printer, as, for instance, when we read "delated" (p. 239) for dilated, "Nousee" (p. 261) for Nourse, "impart" (p. 348) for import, "part notes" (p. 350) for post notes, "protect" (p. 353) for protract, "Governor Clarton" (p. 194) for Governor Clinton, etc., etc., etc. We are glad, however, that the editor has not cumbered the text with many explanatory notes, for the few that he

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risks are often misleading. Maclay, for example, refers again and again to "Jackson of the President's family." The editor informs us in repeated foot-notes that by this descriptive designation ("the President's family") the diarist meant to characterize "a supporter of the measures adopted by the Administration." Major Jackson, we need not say, was Washington's military aide, and resided in the President's family as his private secretary, sharing this office with Tobias Lear. The index of the book is wofully defective.

JULES BRETON.

The Life of an Artist. An Autobiography. By Jules Breton. Translated by Mary J. Serrano. D. Appleton & Co. 1890.

Jules Breton, as is well known, has some pretensions to rank as poet as well as painter, and his autobiography certainly shows some sides of the poetic temperament. He tells us that it was written because his physicians had forbidden him further indulgence in the composition of poetry, from the excitement of which he had "contracted a nervous affection of the brain, accompanied by vertigoes which resembled trances, and lasted for hours." He took up poetry late in life, and prose still later, and it is perhaps natural that his prose should show strongly the effect of his poetical work. At any rate, his 'Life' is distinctly lyrical rather than historical. It opens with a rhapsody on childhood and closes with a pæan on the Universal Exposition. Where another would say, "I was born on such a day at such a place," Breton says: "The Garden of Delight, the cradle of Adam, we have all dwelt in it," and so on for two pages. More than a hundred of the three hundred and fifty pages of the volume are devoted to reminiscences of his childhood, filled with descriptions and "impressions," but only giving dates or facts by indirection and, as it were, accidentally, and in a "poetical prose" which may sound better in French, but is somewhat fatiguing in English.

He might well, however, excuse the lack of straightforward narration in the words of "The Needy Knife-Grinder": "Story, God bless you, I have none to tell, sir." He was born (although he does not say so) in 1827, in the village of Courrières, Pas de Calais, of a good bourgeois family, his father being land steward of the Duke of Durcas and the *gros bonnet* of the village, always addressed as "Monsieur Breton" by the villagers. His mother died when he was very young, and he and his brothers were instructed by their uncle. He was sent to school (in 1837?) at a small seminary near his home, where he was unhappy, and in 1840 was removed to the College of Douai, where he spent three years. In 1843 he began the serious study of art in Ghent as a pupil of Félix de Vigne, whose daughter he afterwards married, and he went to Paris and entered the studio of Drolling in 1847. Henner and Baudry were among his fellow-students. Drolling thought him a dull and rebellious pupil, and there is a legend, which Breton does not confirm, that his master advised him to give up the study of art altogether. He first exhibited in the Salon of 1849, and although, after the fashion of poets, he takes his fits of the blues very seriously, his success seems to have been more than usually rapid. He was medalled in 1855, and his "Blessing the Grain" of 1857 and "Gleaners" of 1859 were purchased by the Government for the Gallery of the Luxembourg. Since then his success, artistic and commercial, has steadily grown to its present proportions.

In the later part of the volume there are a good many reminiscences of the great painters with whom he came in contact, not generally very important in themselves, but interesting nevertheless, and a good many criticisms of their works. His admiration of Corot is hearty and intense, but towards the others he manages to assume a slightly patronizing air which is sometimes a little amusing. He finds Millet's "Sower" "black" and "declamatory," and says of Baudry: "He leaves behind him one of the greatest names of our school — a name, however, which, in my opinion, would have been still greater if he had never left France." Apparently he would have had Baudry, like himself, paint peasants; yet for those who did so he has even less praise. He considers himself, not without some reason, the discoverer of *plein air*, and his judgment of Courbet is harsh, while for "those curiosities in yellow and violet of artists who seem to think they have a monopoly of atmosphere," he has a bitter contempt. His own family, on the contrary, would seem to have been as remarkable as Carlyle's: father and uncle and brothers are all remarkable people, while the talent of his daughter fills him with delight. Great talent was also possessed by the artists who died young and obscure; and "poor" this and "poor" that receive hearty praise.

Another side of the poetic temperament is shown in the story, on page 205, of his anxiety about the effect of his first Salon picture. (He already knew that it was accepted.) "This state of anxious suspense," he says, "lasted six entire weeks! And when I say that during all this time I did not sleep, it is not a figure of speech. *I did not sleep for a single instant.*" This is certainly a remarkable and well-nigh incredible degree of susceptibility, even for a poet.

The most valuable and interesting part of the book is some fifteen pages of extracts from Breton's note-books, which embody his doctrine and opinions on art. It is liberally sprinkled with exclamation points and capitals, and much of it is more sounding than profound, but it carries the weight of his considerable authority, and may do good. His practical advice as to method in beginning and carrying on a picture (pp. 295, 296) is sound and excellent, and his remarks on the nature of true idealism (p. 293) are so just and so worthy the attention of artists and critics alike that we quote them in full:

"For how, in truth, does the painter succeed in expressing the Beautiful? Is it by deliberately correcting the faults of the model who is posing for him? No; he could only make this correction by virtue of a system, and experience demonstrates that *every system in art irrevocably leads to coldness, to death.*

"Nature, then, is not to be corrected by making it conform to a conventional type. The artist must have the intention of rendering what he sees and conceives as he sees and conceives it.

"His exaltation of feeling will make him discern the *line of expression*, of beauty, which he will follow, and *unconsciously* he will diminish or eliminate the useless details which interfere with it."

This is the pure truth—*la vérité vraie*—and of itself an all-sufficient reason for the book's existence. The italics are ours.

In attempting to estimate the place that Jules Breton will ultimately hold in the history of modern art, one must guard against either underrating or overrating him. The great vogue he enjoys to-day, and the enormous prices some of his works have fetched in the market, might incline one to place him with Millet as one of the very great masters of rural genre. Certainly this would be a mistake. The elements of Millet's greatness—his epic grandeur, his austere simplicity, his sureness of characterization and mastery of form and action, his sober yet rich and powerful coloration—are replaced in Breton by a slightly cloying sentimentalism, a somewhat awkward and unlearned draughtsmanship, and a coloring agreeable but hardly either exquisite or profound. But while his present reputation is unquestionably exaggerated, he who should deny Breton's right to a most honorable place in contemporary art would be at fault. Such a place he has earned, and such a place he will hold, by priority if by no other title. His early pictures, "Blessing the Grain" (1857) and "The Gleaners" (1859), were among the very first attempts at the painting of the human figure out of doors and in its proper relations with the landscape. They were most remarkable productions for the time, and remain his most remarkable works. The first of these, though lamentable in drawing, expresses the all-pervading glow of midsummer sunlight — light not merely striking *on*, but circulating *around*, all objects and filling the whole air—in a manner quite wonderful. The other is a twilight effect—the light is sombre rather than brilliant—but the same justness of vision, the same study of the figure as a part of out-of-door nature rather than as a separate entity, is its distinguishing characteristic. And this quality was then very new in art. The great landscape-painters of France were then producing their masterpieces, Millet was then at his best (his "Gleaners" is of the same date with the "Blessing the Grain"); but the landscape-painters did not treat the figure, and Millet rarely painted from nature. The beginning of the accurate study of open-air effects upon the human figure may more fairly be attributed to Breton than to any other one man.

He has rarely equalled this early work. What he has gained in correctness of draughtsmanship he has more than lost in warmth and fulness of coloring and in directness and simplicity of impression. Many of those works which have astonished the world by the prices they have brought at auction sales, owe their popularity to a prettily artificial sentiment which is at the antipodes of the frank genuineness of his earlier work. Only once has he reached his earlier level—in the "Evening in Finisterre"—and that once he has very nearly produced a masterpiece. While he has rested stationary or retrograded, others have still advanced, and the study of *plein air* has been carried to lengths that he has never understood. He has fallen behind the procession, but we must not let his fretful and querulous criticism of all those who have not been contented to stop where he stopped make us forget that he was once a leader.

The translation is capable, on the whole, though marred, in common with most translations from the French, by an abuse of the historical present, and in spite of one or two evident blunders, such as "brewery" for *brasserie* (p. 274). A most extraordinary misprint on page 284 makes the author speak of the "*timid* muscles" of some of the figures of Rubens, where "tumid" was evidently meant. There is no sign either of index or table of contents.

BOOKS ABOUT THE STAGE.

Thomas Betterton. By Robert W. Lowe. [Eminent Actors, edited by William Archer.] Longmans, Green & Co.

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Émile Augier. Par Hippolyte Parigot. Paris: Lecène, Oudin & Cie. New York: F. W. Christern.

L'Art Théâtral. Par Samson. Paris: Dentu. New York: F. W. Christern.

History of the American Theatre During the Revolution and After, 1774–1792. By George O. Seilhamer. Philadelphia: Globe Printing House.

Familiar Chats with the Queens of the Stage. By Alan Dale. G. W. Dillingham.

Mr. William Archer, in his 'Life of Macready,' the first volume of the series of "Eminent Actors," had set so high a standard of excellence that the task of those whom he had chosen to write the succeeding biographies became doubly difficult; but Mr. Robert W. Lowe has written a life of Betterton which bears the comparison bravely. The one fault which one might fairly find with it is, that it is perhaps quite as much a history of the English stage during the Restoration as a biography of the leading actor of the time; but this is hardly a demerit when it results in an account of the Restoration playhouse as exact, elaborate, and admirable as that which fills Mr. Lowe's second chapter. This description brings before us, as no other has ever done before, the physical conditions of the theatre in which the comedies of Congreve, Wycherley, Farquhar, and Vanbrugh were originally produced, and the many dramas of the greater Dryden brought out with varying success. These conditions have a far greater influence on the dramatic literature of the time than mere literary critics can ever understand. Mr. Lowe makes clear to us, and clearer than ever, the arrangement of the stage, projecting as it did well into the pit, the scenic possibilities, the means of advertising, and the hours of performance. This chapter of his is worthy of comparison with the reconstruction of the stage of Molière and Racine to be found in Eugène Despois's 'Théâtre Français sous Louis XIV.,' one of the best books of its kind ever written.

Mr. Lowe has traced Betterton's career on the stage with the same minute knowledge of the details of theatrical history as made his 'Theatrical Bibliography' invaluable, and with the same conscientious care that he brought to the editing of Dr. Doran's 'Annals' and Colley Cibber's 'Apology.' For many a date and many a piquant touch Mr. Lowe draws on Pepys's Diary, but for the most brilliant theatrical portraiture ever attempted he quotes freely from Cibber. Aston and Downes and Davies supply apt anecdotes; and criticism rich in personal revelation is taken freely from the *Tatler* of Steele. There is, of course, a list of the parts played by Betterton; and the biography has an index—an appendage needful, and yet not often found, in the recent British biographical series.

The late Émile Augier was, perhaps, the most manly and most wholesome French dramatist of this century, and he was part author of "Le Gendre de M. Poirier," probably the finest French comedy since the "Mariage de Figaro"; but none the less does it seem somewhat hasty to include the first biography published within a year after his death in a series of "Classiques Populaires." This is what M. Parigot has done, and in his preface he endeavors to justify his course, and not without a fair measure of success. His biography of the author of "L'Aventurière" is inspired by hearty admiration; and still he makes scarcely any claims for Augier that any calm and competent critic of the French drama of this century would not be ready to grant. The few facts of Augier's simple career are given simply; there is frequent quotation from the essays of other writers and from the best contemporary criticism; and there is ample excerpting from Augier's works, as was prescribed by the plan of this series of "Classiques Populaires." M. Parigot's style lacks the relief of M. Léopold Lacour's, and to M. Lacour we owe, perhaps, the most acute analysis of Augier's plays. M. Parigot's own criticism is rather literary than dramatic. But his sketch is to be welcomed by all who know how clean-minded, quick-witted, and keen-sighted Augier was, and how great his service was to the French stage. The biography contains half-a-dozen doubtful woodcuts, shockingly ill-printed.

That Samson was a classicist, at least, if not a classic, no one could ever doubt; and when he wrote about his art, he modelled himself on the "Ars Poetica" of Horace and the "Art Poétique" of Boileau. Hence we have in his 'Art Théâtral' an essay as full of quotable truths as Pope's "Essay on Criticism," and, like it, cast in a form now outworn. Samson's poem is perhaps known to English readers only from the chance quotations in Lewes's 'Actors and Acting,' for it has long been out of print and very hard to find. In the present edition there is a complimentary letter of Augier's and a most interesting introduction by M. Coquelin, containing not only a few pleasant personal anecdotes, but a careful study of Samson's ability as an actor, reader, and teacher. Samson was an instructor whose fame was surpassed by that of one of his pupils; Rachel was no mere Fotheringay nor was Samson a "Little Bows," but he it was who showed her how to get the utmost from herself. Rachel used to say that she owed him everything; and M. Coquelin notes that she made but half-successes in the characters she first acted during any of her frequent quarrels with Samson. The quotations which M. Coquelin makes in his preface from the poem he is introducing are sufficient to prove that, although didactic verse on æsthetics is hard reading nowadays, the game is worth the candle.

Mr. Seilhamer's laboriously compiled 'History of the American Theatre' has now a second volume, devoted to the stage during the Revolution, and covering the years from 1774 to 1792. It is very like the first in its merits and in its demerits. It contains a mass of new material most carefully collected, and much of it now used for the first time. It corrects the errors of Dunlap and of those who followed him, including that most cautious of chroniclers, Mr. Joseph N. Ireland. It quotes an abundance of most interesting prologues and occasional addresses. It prints the casts of every important play, and it gives comparative casts—a most useful feature for any one who wishes to trace the rise of an actor. It gives a list of the parts played by almost every performer of even second rank. It cites freely cards, advertisements, and criticisms from newspapers, and also the epistolary critiques frequent in eighteenth-century journalism.

The one great blemish of Mr. Seilhamer's useful book is his constant girding at Dunlap, who blundered often enough, no doubt, partly because he relied on Hallam, and partly because he had not the virtue of Dryasdust research. But none the less is Dunlap's 'History of the American Theatre' a useful and an interesting book. Dunlap modelled his work on Colley Cibber's, and not without a certain success. It is readable to this day, for he had a literary tincture, and this Mr. Seilhamer, with all his industry, lacks. It is pleasant to see that, after numberless taunts in his preceding volume and in this, Mr. Seilhamer at last (on p. 277) is moved to bless where before he had banned, and to declare some of Dunlap's merits, and to call him "a very interesting figure of a time when aspiration was, as yet, unable to realize her ambitious aims."

In considering a catchpenny piece of mere bookmaking like Mr. Alan Dale's 'Familiar Chats with the Queens of the Stage,' the difficulty of the critic is not to form an opinion, but to formulate it in words with due regard for decorum. The book is unspeakable trash. It is thoroughly vulgar in tone; and quite as offensive as its vulgarity is the self-satisfied conceit which is obtruded on almost every page. Caddish is the only vocable which describes this book fairly.

Letters from Rome on the Occasion of the Ecumenical Council, 1869–70. By the Rev. Thomas Mozley, M.A., formerly Fellow of Oriel, author of 'Reminiscences of Oriel,' and special correspondent of the *Times*. Two volumes. Longmans, Green & Co. 1891.

Thomas Mozley, the writer of these letters, is now eighty-five years old. With his two brothers, James and John—there were three others—he was deeply involved in the Oxford movement. Newman became his tutor at Oriel in 1826, and he and his brother John married Newman's sisters Harriett and Jemima in 1836. When he became a Fellow of Oriel in 1829, Newman had great hopes of him, but they were hardly justified by the event. His younger brother, James B., was a man of much more solid character and mind. He, with the late Dean of St. Paul's, would seem to have remained in the English Church from clear conviction when Newman went over, while Thomas Mozley seems to have kept himself there by mere force of will. In his 'Reminiscences of Oriel' his account of his beliefs and motives gives the same impression of sensational unreality that we get from Hurrell Froude, William George Ward, and many others of their school. But the 'Reminiscences,' published in 1882, was certainly the most entertaining of the many books which have been written concerning the Oxford movement. As to its accuracy and fairness, that is another matter. When he sent Newman the MS. of the first ninety-nine chapters, the Cardinal warned him that some of the many he abused were living still, and that the dead had living friends. But apparently none of these things moved him, for it does not seem possible that any abusive, spiteful, or malicious matter was left out.

The temper of these letters is much the same as that of the 'Reminiscences'; perhaps a little less malicious because dealing less with personal acquaintances and friends. They are the letters of a man who has no illusions, but who has given up so many that he is hard and cynical. They were written for the London *Times*, and if Newman read them as they came out, it must have been with mingled sympathy and indignation. He had himself no hankering for the Pope's infallibility, and had called the English Catholics pushing for it "an aggressive and insolent faction," and hence had some sympathy with Mozley's satisfaction in the opposition to it in the Council and the misfortunes of its abettors. But ineffable must have been his scorn of Mozley's levity in dealing with the whole business. In his introduction Mozley says: "Over all the matters handled I now think with more gravity." He could hardly think of them with less. It takes a man who has been almost converted to another creed

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and has somehow saved himself to show it up with all its imperfections on its head. Though he still spells his personal pronouns for the Virgin with capital letters and accounts himself an Anglo-Catholic, no rationalist pure and simple could have brought to the treatment of the Council a less sympathetic mind. Even his fellow-Churchmen must have sometimes winced at his mixing up of things sacred and profane, as where he says the English Church —outside the walls of Rome in 1869—was over an inn, "and the only relics were those of the last meal."

It is a serious limitation that the letters break off in April, when the writer was driven away from Rome by threatening fever, so that only about half the period of the Council has a record here. On July 19 he turns up again in Rome, and writes a letter describing the proclamation of infallibility the day before. Before he left, there was a letter every day, even when there were recesses of the Council. The letters written on these off days are some of the most interesting in the book. They furnish a memoir that will be very serviceable to the future historian when he would describe Rome as it was in the last days of the Pope's temporal power. The divinely governed city seems to have been the worst governed upon earth. The subject of its "solid stench" is one of which the writer does not tire; he is really eloquent when he comes to this. It is very little that he has to communicate about the doings of the Council, and there is no pretence of knowledge. He protests that he can find out next to nothing, and even when he has a bit of news, he warns his readers that he may have to take it back in his next letter; and he does have to do so almost every time. If the statements contradicted and the contradictions were omitted, the amount of matter would be reduced one-half. But the letters are no less interesting on this account. Anything in the nature of a pageant is admirably described. Every amusing aspect of the situation is economized for all its worth. Mozley is very confident at first that there will be no decree of infallibility, but his confidence gradually oozes away. It is interesting to know that on the final vote, when from 130 to 140 were absent or abstained from voting, and there were 533 *Placets*, one of the two *Non-Placets* was by the Bishop of Petricula, which, being interpreted, is the Bishop of Little Rock, Arkansas. Good Anglo-Catholics are bound to be strong anti-Protestants, but no Protestant could stand more doughtily for the right of private judgment than does Mr. Mozley in these letters. Here he sometimes forgets himself into real earnestness. This is, perhaps, because he is even more Englishman than Churchman, and at bottom it was probably this lack of perfect balance in his character that kept him from going over to Rome.

The editing of the book is very strange. Nothing is said in advance of certain chapters explanatory and reminiscential that will be introduced, so that now and then, when we think we are reading an immediate impression, we find that we are reading recollections dimmed by the lapse of twenty years and more. At the end of some chapters there are queer little collections of telegrams, whether the author's own or another's we are not informed. He is irked at times by the omniscience of *Quirinus* as compared with his own nescience; but though *Quirinus* had either more friends at court than Mr. Mozley or a more penetrating sagacity—perhaps both—it may be doubted whether his letters will serve the future historian half as well as these, in which the proportion of fact to "wild surmise" is as Falstaff's bread to his sack, but which are always bright, amusing, witty, and give us all the social atmosphere and setting of the great event. Occasionally Mr. Mozley wrote and forwarded an editorial for the *Times*, and some of his editorials are given. Their difference from his epistolary style is creditable to his facility. He simulates the thunder of the regular *Times* leading article very well indeed.

The Advancement of Science: Occasional Essays and Addresses. By E. Ray Lankester. Macmillan & Co. 1890. 8vo, pp. 387.

Prof. Lankester is one of the best known of England's living zoölogists. His published investigations place him in the front rank, and, whether technical or popular, even though the opinions expressed may not meet with general approval, they are always worthy of careful attention. The rapidity of its recent progress has staled many things pertaining to biology that but yesterday were new. Much of the matter in this book, all of it less than twenty years old, already belongs to the past, yet, because of its connection with present research, it retains a great deal of its interest. "Degeneration" is made the title of the first essay; the sub-title, "A Chapter on Darwinism," might well have been applied to the greater portion of the volume, since its most prominent feature is laudation of Darwin. While this will insure a favorable reception from persons of like belief, it rouses the impression in others that by thus praising his master the disciple is patting himself on the head. Partisan bias, from which the author is seldom free, is the most serious defect in the work. It is prominently seen in the chapter on "The History and Scope of Zoölogy," from the ninth edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' to which it gives an appearance such as might be expected in a history of religious belief written by the most zealous follower of a particular prophet.

The chapters on "Parthenogenesis" and "A Theory of Heredity" are followed by a note in which the author says: "In both of these articles the reader will find evidence of a belief on my part in 'the transmission by heredity of acquired characters.' This belief is one which I now think is not justifiable." His present belief holds natural selection to be the one supreme factor. Nevertheless, in one place he mentions "a set of forces such as we sum up under the head 'natural selection,'" and, in another, remarks upon the forces, dealt with as laws by physicists and chemists, by which the biologist seeks to explain the process of the automatic evolution of the forms of life. As regards these forces and their action he is at one with Spencerian evolutionists generally, and is not necessarily at odds with present-day Lamarckians. But the variations resultant from such processes are not fortuitous, and from continuity of action they are cumulative and of necessity transmissible. Consequently, he at once changes front in his practice, and, like other Darwinians, treats selection as the bundling up of results, proving and supporting his positions by theory, while demanding that opponents shall use only actual experiment. The difference between his belief and that of the majority of zoölogists, including all those of prominence in America, amounts to about this: he makes selection to be the great cause; they accept it as a passive aggregation of the effects of many causes, rather than an active factor, and they might have to broaden his definition of science, "a knowledge of causes," to give his theory scientific standing.

"A Theory of Heredity" is a review of Haeckel's theory, showing it to be but a slightly different phase of Herbert Spencer's. The author attempts to reinstate the discarded theory of pangenesis, of Darwin, by attaching it to the Spencerian, without manifestly improving the latter. Near the beginning of the book great stress is laid on the importance of hypothesis or theory; the effect of this is weakened by later statements of the experimental processes in chemistry and physics, as in the work of Pasteur and in that of Siebold, until we are quite prepared for the quotation, from the latter, of Aristotle's saying: "More belief must be given to observation than to theory, and this last is only worthy of belief when leading to the same result as experience."

The short essay on "Examinations" is written by one who formulates from much experience and study what should be helpful to a multitude of educators. "Biology and the State" and "Pasteur and Hydrophobia" are eloquent pleas for State aid to scientific research. One of "The Scientific Results of the Fisheries Exhibition, London, 1883," is seen in the Plymouth Laboratory, the benefits of which are confined neither to the present time nor to the British Islands, and in the establishment of which the author acted a most prominent part.

From the discussion of "Centenarianism" we gather that Europeans are longer-lived than other men, and that Englishmen live longer than other Europeans. The statistics make the expectation of life at sixty, in England, to be about eighteen years for steady and sober field laborers, confirmed drunkards having only half as much; about sixteen years and a half for the females of the aristocracy, and fourteen and a half for the males; about twelve and a half for clerks, and eleven and three-quarters for miners; while sovereigns of all countries at sixty have an expectation of less than eleven years. "Distinguished men live a shorter time than less distinguished, on account of their harder work; married live longer than unmarried persons, on account, perhaps, of the measured tranquillity of connubial life; women longer than men, because they lead an easier life; and the clergy longer than other professional men, for the same reason."

"Men can diminish the mortality of populations by attention to simple laws of health, and, by increasing the average longevity, give that increased happiness and prosperity which security of life and health brings. It is in sanitary action that the *elixir vitæ* has been discovered in these days, which, though it perhaps has not as yet increased the roll of centenarians, has no limit to its operations, until the time shall have come when man will no longer, as Buffon said, 'die of disappointment,' but 'attain everywhere a hundred years.'"

The Intercourse between the United States and Japan. By Inazo Nitobe. Baltimore The Johns Hopkins Press.

This is a monograph of nearly two hundred pages written chiefly in Philadelphia, as the author informs us in his preface, under the hospitable roof of a Friend. The other friend to whom the author is indebted for valuable emendations and in the reading of proof-sheets, Miss Mary P. Elkinton, is now the wife of the author. Mr. Nitobe, having become a Christian in Japan, and in Philadelphia embraced that form of it professed by the followers of Penn, writes English with a fluency, accuracy, and coloring not often met with in

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the writings of Japanese who use a foreign language. He has the living spirit as well as the good form. Born in a southwestern province, and educated in Yezo, the extreme north, and well versed in scientific studies, he knows well both nature and man in his own country. Receiving degrees at Johns Hopkins University and at Halle, Germany, and the author of a work in German which has also met with deserved translation into French, his style bears the watermarks of the man of thorough culture. He has entered into the world of western ideas, as well as mastered its classified knowledge. Scholarly by discipline, even to easy use of his own native literature, eager in the pursuit of facts which illustrate his thesis, not only in Japan and the United States, but also in England, Holland, and Germany, he has produced a monograph of singular interest. This is published as extra volume eight in the eighth series of the Johns Hopkins University series.

It was about 1840 that the painted vessels of the western peoples began to be so numerously seen off the coasts of Japan as to make the "Song of the Black Ship" at once popular and prophetic. This prophetic ballad, done into English, serves as introduction. A spirited chapter treats of foreign intercourse before Perry, in which it is clearly shown how inclusive as well as exclusive was the policy of the Japanese rulers of the seventeenth century, who sought to insulate the "divine country" from the shock of change. After reviewing the relations of Korea, China, Spain, Portugal, England, Holland, Russia, France, and the episode of Christianity, the author treats of "the dawn of Western knowledge in Japan." This first light came by contact with the Hollanders at Nagasaki, and was generated by the study of the Dutch language. The first martyrs, Takano and Watanabé, after being ferreted out by the sleuth-hounds of the Yedo Government, committed hara-kiri to save their wives and children from disgrace. Others, like Sakuma, followed, however, and, in addition, the hundreds of native physicians, who improved their knowledge by Dutch books, were as little spots of light all over the empire. Very few indeed of the recent or present Japanese leaders in politics, science, religion, or education, but trace their enlightenment to Dutch culture. The list of martyrs for the sake of truth is still far from complete, though in the recently published biographical dictionaries of Tokio, one may recover many names. One of these, an artist who in 1840 was compelled by the Yedo authorities to disembowel himself for introducing foreign ideas in his painting, has recently been posthumously honored by an exhibition of his works.

Chapter ii. surveys the American contacts with Japan, showing how the whale was the pilot. Perry's predecessors are named and described, and the causes, detail, and success of the Perry expedition set forth, the contemporaneous Japanese political side being also exposed. The author's comments are here original and forcible, but to Townsend Harris, the true founder of Western diplomacy with Japan, he awards the higher meed of praise. He asserts, quoting from Katsu Awa, the interesting fact, which close students of Japan in the last years of feudalism have long suspected, that, "even if left to itself, the Shogunate would without external cause have perished, within ten years, of bankruptcy."

Most interesting, to the general reader, is the chapter on Americans and American influences in Japan. Here the author compares and freely criticises our diplomatists, teachers, missionaries, authors; and racily comments, in the most refreshingly honest way, about them. All those accustomed to look at the facts in Japan through their own selected and favorite chromatic lenses, will either greatly enjoy or be specially irritated when looking with the author's. Very suggestive is the section on the "Dark Side of Foreign Influences."

Chapter v. treats of the Japanese in America, from Sam Patch, the waif, to the Imperial Embassy. The influx of students is noted, and judicious comments made on their mental aptitudes, morals, and religion. The section on "Romance" shows how largely cultivated Japanese have been able to win ladies of culture and character in Europe and America to share their lot with Japanese husbands, and to brave the terrors of the unknown female world in the land where polygamy still lingers. Female students, Japanese in California, exhibitions, and mercantile houses, are agreeably treated with much interesting information, and then a characteristic farewell concludes this unique work. It is certainly the best treatise on its special theme, and, besides being a charming piece of literary art, conveys a large amount of information and critical judgment from the Japanese side, for which Americans may be grateful. The statements are in general thoroughly accurate, and the temper is that of a judge. There are, however, one or two passages of a critical nature, tinctured with the author's peculiar views, as, for example, the stricture upon the missionary's administration to his converts of the rite of water-baptism, which are out of place, and, in so far, vitiate the general excellence of taste and catholicity of spirit which make the chief charm and value of the book. There is a good index, and the volume ably fills a notable part of the story which, when completed, will be one of the most fascinating in all history.

Modern Customs and Ancient Laws of Russia. By Maxime Kovalevsky. London: David Nutt.

THE general character of Mr. Kovalevsky's very interesting volume, which is a summary of a course of lectures delivered before the Taylorian Institution in Oxford, may be gathered from the titles of the chapters: The Matrimonial Customs and Usages of the Russian People; The State of the Modern Russian Family; The Past and Present of the Russian Village Community; The Russian Folkmotes; Old Russian Parliaments; The Origin, Growth, and Abolition of Personal Servitude. One important conclusion arrived at, after a survey of the ancient Slavic customs of marriage, and comparison of them with survivals of similar customs in other countries, is, "that the comparative immorality of the Russian peasants has no other cause than the survival amongst them of numerous vestiges of the early forms of marriage." He adduces facts to show that the prevailing opinion of the Russian peasant has been and is that marriage is nothing more than a civil contract, entered into in the presence of the community, as a sign of its recognition and sanction. Another point is, that the present indissolubility of the marriage tie, now legal, has not always been recognized by the common law of Russia. Up to the middle of the last century, the Russian clergy often dissolved the marriage bond for simple incompatibility of temper, while the Cossacks of the Don practised divorce by announcement before the popular assembly no longer ago than the end of the eighteenth century.

Mr. Kovalevsky demonstrates the influence for good which the ancient communistic system of the house community has had upon the peasant character, although he shows that the effects of this system on the country, as a whole, are not altogether to be commended. The village communal system, which is the modern form of these mediæval house communities, is pronounced by the author to be a compound of small advantages and great disadvantages; the advantages being moral and the disadvantages economic in character. This is the impartial view of one who holds with neither of the parties which are seeking to draw conclusions profitable to their own theories from this state of things—the Socialists and the Slavophils. He predicts that the village community will soon disappear over the greater part of Russia, as it has already disappeared in the countries of Europe.

Our author answers the question as to whether the autocratic form of government is a truly national institution, in the way familiar to students of Russian history, supporting his view with an unusually wide range of authorities, both from Russian and from other Slavic sources. He follows the career of the State Council, and the rise, course, and decline of the States-General, in a way which renders perfectly comprehensible his opinion upon the rule naturally evolved by the Russians, and sets forth the fact that these States-General have never been abolished by law, and that no legal act lies in the way of a new convocation of the representatives of the Empire. In their right of choosing the Tzars, they had the advantage over both the English Parliament and the French States-General, the latter of which they resembled in this particular, that they had no power of initiating reforms, but were confined to presenting petitions and complaints. The Russian States-General fell under Peter the Great. Their intellectual qualifications were too small, their prejudices too great, to permit of their aiding him in his projects of reform; and autocratic rule was in the ascendant all over Europe. The proposition, made in the reign of Alexander I., to introduce into the Council of State representatives from the different Estates of the Empire, and the decree signed by the late Alexander II., on the day of his assassination, complete the record of this Council, whose national character must be admitted, after the clear and forcible presentment of the case by the author, who is an ex-Professor of Jurisprudence in the University of Moscow.

If one chapter more than another can be designated as especially interesting, it is the last, which sets forth the gradual growth of serfdom, and the analogy of its rise with that of the system of farming on half-profits, which has prevailed and still prevails in several European countries. The manner in which serfdom was gradually, and inevitably, as it seems, established; the attempts to abolish it early in the present century; its final abolition in the last reign, are all explained in a brief but satisfactory manner, which will meet the wants of those readers who have not the time to seek the separate bits of information on these subjects which are scattered through history.

Church and State.—The Fruits of Culture. By Count Leo Tolstoi. Boston: Benjamin R. Tucker. 1891.

THERE is very little that is new, either in form or in ideas, in Count Tolstoi's 'Church and State.' It contains, in addition to the brief article which gives the volume its title, four other dissertations, called Money, Man and

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Woman, The Mother, and A Second Supplement to the Kreutzer Sonata. The third and fourth of these are taken directly, the first and second practically, from volumes already published ('What to Do' and 'My Religion'). The fifth merely repeats what the author has said in the 'Kreutzer Sonata,' and the only interesting point about it is its juxtaposition with the two harangues which precede—and contradict—it. As persons of average intelligence have probably long ago made all necessary comments upon the inconsistency therein displayed, the only inducement to purchase this fresh repetition of what is already far more worn than even the proverbial "twice-told tale," is done away with.

In 'The Fruits of Culture' we can, at least, take observations upon the famous Russian writer from a fresh point of view. We gave a detailed account of the plot of this comedy nearly a year ago. At present it will only be necessary to consider it from a literary standpoint and as a translation. Of the latter, it may be said at once that it is awkward, inaccurate, and made from the German, not from the Russian direct. While the author has, undoubtedly, shown a strong dramatic instinct in his treatment of various situations in his novels, this attempt in the line of distinct dramatic writing cannot be pronounced great, either in matter or arrangement. For those who are intimately acquainted with the conditions of Russian life, and with the peasants, the work is clever. But what little of this the uninitiated layman might have hoped to gather is utterly obscured by the inadequate rendering into English, which transforms a *valet* into a "chamberlain" (and, incidentally, a gentleman), and otherwise upsets that meaning which would not be remarkably clear to foreigners under the best of circumstances.

The Rise of Christendom. By Edwin Johnson, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1890. 8vo, pp. xvi., 499.

Our century has witnessed some strange transformations of old history, but they all sink into insignificance in comparison with the reconstruction proposed by Mr. Johnson. His thesis is simple and clear: Christianity, he holds, arose about six hundred years ago, an invention of the cloisters of St. Basil and St. Benedict. In the time of the great revenge of the West on the East, the period of the Crusades, European envy of the Jews led certain corporations to concoct a religion which should be superior to the Israelitish. The Jews themselves, however, had borrowed their religion from the Arabians; it is to Islam that we owe Judaism and Christianity; it fashioned the figures of Adam, Moses, David, and the rest. The Koran grew up in the East; out of it the Rabbis of Spain and Italy composed the Old Testament; and the non-Semitic religious societies of Europe thence produced not only the New Testament, but also a long line of historical and dogmatic works, the object of which was to prove that the Christian Church was coeval with the Roman Empire. In a word, Mr. Johnson maintains that the whole mass of Christian literature which claims to be anterior to the thirteenth century is a forgery. His proof rests on the statement that the genuine literature and inscriptions of the early centuries know nothing of Christian ideas.

It is difficult to see why our author should stop at Islam in his critical reconstruction. He might make a fair argument to show that Islam itself arose on Persian soil and was borrowed from Persian sources, that the Persians in their turn were the pupils of India, that Hindu thought came from China, and so on *ad infinitum*. It is a melancholy spectacle, this expenditure of learning on a scientific monstrosity—the more that Mr. Johnson is profoundly in earnest with his theme, and looks on its establishment as very important for the progress of civilizat on.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Anderson, J. W. Medical Nursing. Glasgow: James Maclehouse & Sons.
Aveling, E., and Eleanor. The Working-Class Movement in America. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.
Baldwin, J. Harper's School Speaker. II. Harper & Bros.
Barrère, A., and C. G. Leland. Dictionary of Slang, Jargon and Cant. 2 vols. London: Whittaker & Co.
Bourinot, J. G. Canadian Studies in Comparative Politics. Montreal: Dawson Bros.
Bué, Mme. La Conversation en Classe. 2 parts. Boston: Carl Schoenhof.
Carus, Dr. P. The Soul of Man. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. $3.
Cassell's Complete Pocket-Guide to Europe. Cassell Publishing Co. $1.50.
Chelwynd, Sir G. Racing Reminiscences and Experiences of the Turf. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co. $7.50.
Cooke, T. Aphorisms in Applied Anatomy. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.
Cooper, Louise B. Behind a Mask. Chicago: Laird & Lee.
Culin, S. The Gambling Games of the Chinese in America. New York: N. C. D. Hodges. 40 cents.
Cundale, F. Landscape Painters of Holland. Scribner & Welford. $1.25.
Darwin, C. On the Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs. London: Walter Scott; New York: A. Lovell & Co. 40 cents.
Dewey, John. Outlines of a Critical Theory of Ethics. Ann Arbor, Mich.: Register Publishing Co. $1.50.

Woman's Work in America.

Edited by Annie Nathan Meyer. Introduction by Julia Ward Howe. 12mo, $1.50.

Contents: Woman in Education. (a) In the East, Mary F. Eastman. (b) In the West, May Wright Sewall. (c) In the South, Christine Ladd Franklin.—In Literature, Helen Gray Cone.—In Journalism, Susan E. Dickinson.—In Medicine, Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi.—In Ministry, Rev. Ada C. Bowles.—In the State, Mary A. Livermore.—In Law, Ada M. Kittenbender.—In Industry, Alice Hyneman Rhine.—In Philanthropy. (a) Care of Poor, Josephine Shaw Lowell. (b) Care of Sick, Edna D. Cheney. (c) Care of Criminals, Susan Barney. (d) Care of Indians, A. B. Quinton. (e) Work of the W. C. T. U., Frances Willard. (f) Work o' the Red Cross, Clara Barton. (g) Anti-Slavery Movement, Lilie B. Chace Wyman.

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